Methodist Magazine and Review.

AUGUST, 1902.

ROUND ABOUT LONDON.

BY THE EDITOR

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

DURING the summer of this year more colonials have visited London than ever before. Canadian and Australian, Cape Colonist and New Zealander, met in the ever crowded streets and clubs, in public pageants and social functions. It was a wonderful illustration of the many races and many languages of the world-wide Empire, to see in its great metropolis troops from the forty colonies scattered over the globe, the Housas from Nigeria side by side with the black troops of Jamaica and Barbadoes, the Sikhs and Gourkhas of India, and the stalwart troopers from Alberta and Assiniboia.

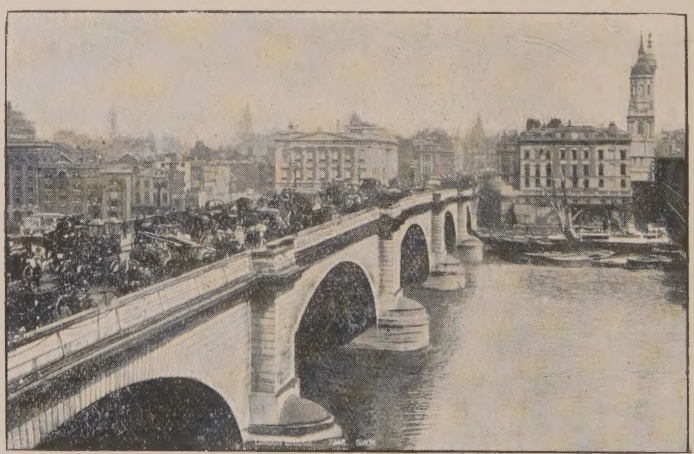
Next to Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem, probably no city in the world abounds more in historic and heroic memories than London, the great throbbing heart of the British Empire. Almost every street and square is connected with some great event in English history, or some great actor in the mighty drama of the past. Their very names as we come upon them strike us with a strange familiarity, as of places that we long had known. Many a monumental pile —perchance a palace or a prison— has been the scene of some dark tragedy, or of some sublime achievement. In the darksome crypts or quiet graveyards of its many churches sleeps the dust of many whose name and fame once filled the world. Undisturbed by

THE THAMES, OPPOSITE BILLINGSGATE.

the ceaseless roar and turmoil of the great city they calmly slumber on.

The most striking topographical feature of London is, of course, the winding Thames. Near its banks are grouped many of its most famous buildings, and on its bosom took place many of its most stately pageants. It will give a sort of unity to our short survey of the world-famous city to follow up this storied stream, glancing briefly at the memorable places which we pass.

It was on a bright sunny day that I visited Greenwich Hospital and park. The famous old palace dates from 1433. Here Henry VIII. and his daughters, Mary and Elizabeth were born, and here Edward VI. died. The vast pile, with its river front of nine hundred feet, bears the impress of successive sovereigns down to the time of George III. when the royal palace became the home of two thousand seven hundred disabled sailors, with two thousand receiving out-of-door relief. It is now



LONDON BRIDGE.

used chiefly as a naval college and picture gallery, in which the victories of England's wooden walls still stir the viking blood of the old salts, who bask in the sun and fight their battles o'er again. About a thousand boys in white and blue were training for the sea, drilling and swarming like monkeys over the rigging of a great ship, high and dry on land—protected against falls by a strong netting all around its sides. The park, with its tame deer and old chestnuts, its sunny slopes, grassy glades, and famous observatory, is a favourite resort of hilarious holiday-makers from the town. Near by Jack Cade and Watt Tyler harangued the London mob before entering the city.

I gained the impression that Londoners are the most bibulous people I ever met. On the Thames steamers, not only was almost everybody drinking something or other, but a perambulating nuisance was pacing up and down the deck, calling out with detestable iteration, "ale, wine, brandy, gin, rum, and stout," till I felt my temperance principles quite outraged.

Threading the forest of masts from almost every port, and passing the maze of docks on either hand, we reach the gloomy Tower, fraught with more tragical associations than any other structure in England, perhaps than any other in the world. Erected by the Norman Conqueror to overawe the turbulent and freedom-loving city, it was for centuries the grim instrument of tyranny, and here was wreaked many a cruel deed of wrong. These stern vaults are a whispering-gallery of the past, echoing with the sighs and groans of successive generations of the hapless victims of oppression. Such thoughts haunt one while the garrulous "beef-eater" is reciting his oft-told story of the arms and the regalia, of the Bloody Tower and Traitors' Gate, that cast their shadows of crime athwart the sunlit air.

GENERAL POST OFFICE—ST. PAUL'S IN THE BACKGROUND.

Near the famous Tower is one of the most remarkable bridges in the world. The architecture of this bridge is designed to correspond as far as possible with the venerable structure dating from the Caesars. It crosses the Thames at one of its busiest parts, where steam and sailing craft from all

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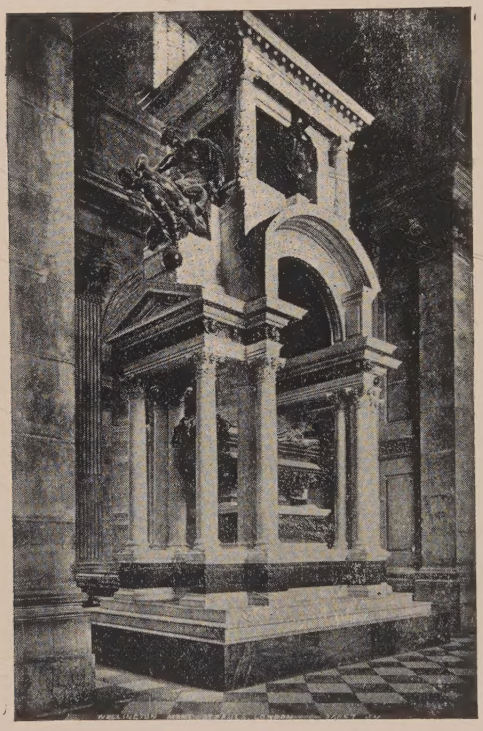
lands pass to and fro in an almost continuous stream. A fixed bridge, therefore, would be impossible. The problem was solved by having two bridges, one above the other; the lower one is divided into two great bascules, which swing upward to let vessels pass, and then drop again for the constant flow of wheeled traffic. That foot-passengers may not be delayed



TOMB OF WELLINGTON IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

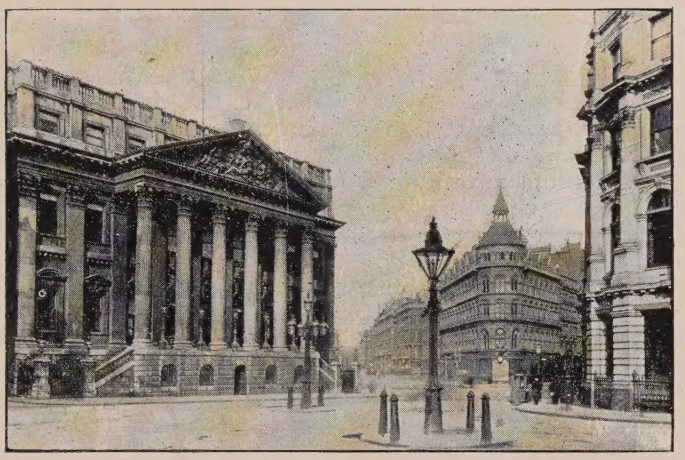
there is a permanent upper bridge, to which access is reached by elevators in either tower. It makes a very striking picture with, in the background, the grim old Tower of London.

I threaded my way through the maze of vast warehouses in Thames Street, where Chaucer lived five hundred years ago, and lunched at a little den not much larger than a packing-box, much frequented by warehouse clerks. Passing the Custom House, which employs two thousand men, and Billingsgate, the greatest fish market in the world,* we reach the Monument, which, with its crest of gilded flames, commemorates the Great Fire of 1666.

To the left is London Bridge, across which pass two hundred thousand persons and twenty thousand vehicles every day—an ever-flowing tide of humanity which seems to know no ebb. The skill of the London Jehus and police is taxed to prevent a blockade of the immense traffic. Across the bridge stood Chaucer's Tabard Inn, and to the right is Eastcheap, the site of Falstaff's "Boar's Head Tavern."

Traversing the old historic Cheapside, probably the most crowded thoroughfare in the world, we reach St. Paul's, thrice burnt down and thrice rebuilded, and associated with many of the chief events of English history. Its mighty dome dominates the entire city with a majesty surpassing even that of St. Peter's at Rome. It is the only cathedral in England not in the Gothic style, and it is said, probably with truth, to be the largest Protestant place of worship in the world. The first Christian temple that crowned the hill of Ludgate is alleged to have superseded a Roman temple to Diana, and was destroyed by fire in the last year of the Conquering William. Its successor, several times damaged by the flames, was at last utterly consumed in the Great Fire. Then it was that Sir Christopher Wren, starting with the determination to "build for

* At the Billingsgate market a wretched old woman, begging fish offal, aroused my sympathy, but a policeman told me he had seen her go into a neighbouring tavern thirty-five times in a single day. The drink problem of England is the most difficult one with which social philanthropists have to grapple.



THE MANSION HOUSE.

eternity," designed the fabric which is the noblest of all the monuments of his fertile genius. It occupied thirty-five years in building. Its length from east to west, five hundred and ten feet; its breadth, two hundred and fifty feet, and the top of the cross is three hundred and seventy feet above the pavement of the churchyard. Impressive from without, its effect can only be rightly appreciated from within, for although somewhat bare in the comparative absence of "storied urn and animated bust," the vastness of the dome is such as to awe and solemnize the mind. Of all its monuments, I thought the most impressive that of England's greatest sailor, Horatio Nelson, in the solemn crypts, and that of her greatest soldier, Arthur Wellesley, in its lofty aisle; the latter a magnificent sarcophagus beneath a marble canopy.

Under the cross of gold
That shines over city and river,
There he shall rest for ever
Among the wise and the bold.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

In streaming London's central roar
Let the sound of those he wrote for,
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for ever more.

From the Golden Gallery, four hundred feet in air, one gazes upon a denser mass of humanity and its abodes than is elsewhere seen on earth. The crowded streets, the far-winding Thames, the distant parks and engirdling hills, make a majestic picture, whose impressiveness is deepened by the thought that the pulsations of the heart of iron throbbing in the mighty dome vibrate upon the ears

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

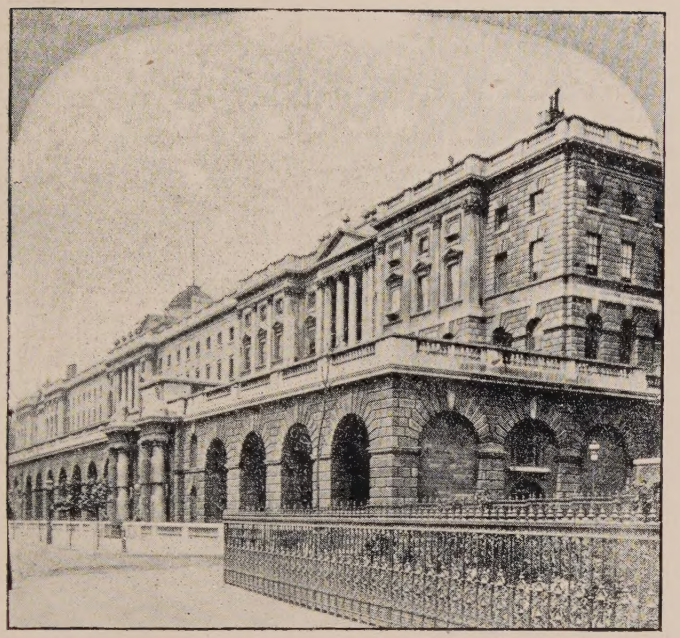
of more persons than people the vast extent of Canada, from sea to sea. The strange names of Amen Corner, Ave Maria Lane, and Paternoster Row commemorate the ancient sale of religious books, which still makes up much of the local trade.

Near together, in the very heart of the city, are the Mansion House, the Royal Exchange, and the Bank of England. The Mansion House is the official residence of the Lord Mayor of London, and the scene of many a stately civic function. The London aldermen are proverbially fond of turtle soup and port wine. When that good Methodist, Sir William McArthur, became the Lord Mayor of London, he substituted for the wine cup the "cup that cheers but not inebriates." Punch represents one burly London magnate sipping a delicate cup of tea with a rather disgusted expression, saying to another, "Brother, this isn't like it used to was."

On the occasion of the first World's Sunday-school Convention in London the Lord Mayor invited a large number of the American and colonial delegates to a reception in the famous Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, and the Lady Mayoress was most sedulous in her attentions to her guests. It was a notable recognition of the marvellous development to which the humble work begun by Robert Raikes a century ago had grown throughout the world.

It is a striking recognition of divine providence that on the Royal Exchange, the great centre of English trade and commerce, should be inscribed the motto suggested by the late Dean Millman, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

Passing down Ludgate Hill, we enter Fleet Street, the heart of



SOMERSET HOUSE.

newspaperdom, and enter the purlieus of the law, Lincoln's Inn, and the secluded chambers and gardens of the Temple. The Temple Church, a thick-walled, round Norman structure, dating from 1185, is like a fragment of the Middle Ages in the busy heart of London. Here once preached the "judicious Hooker." On the paved floor lie stone effigies of the old Knights Templar, in full armour, with legs crossed, in token that they had fought in Palestine.

> The knights are dust,
> Their swords are rust,
> Their souls are with the saints, we trust.

Beside a simple slab in the churchyard, every visitor pauses with feelings of peculiar tenderness. It bears the brief yet pregnant inscription, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith." An old gardener showed me a tree which he said was planted by Henry VIII., under which Goldsmith and Johnson used to sit.

Passing through Temple Bar and following the Strand—so named from its skirting the bank of the river—we pass the Savoy Church, half underground, where Chaucer was married, and the vast Somerset House, on the site of the Protector's palace, where languished three unhappy Queens. It is now used as public offices, employs nine hundred clerks, and contains, it is said, 3,600 windows. At Charing Cross is a copy of the stone cross erected where the coffin of Queen Eleanor was set down during its last halt on the way to Westminster, six hundred years ago. Opposite is Trafalgar Square, and the noble Nelson's Monument, with Landseer's grand couchant lions at its base. On this grandest site in Europe is one of the ugliest buildings in existence, the National Gallery—the home of British Art!—with its paltry facade and absurd flat domes, like inverted wash-bowls.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Directly opposite is Whitehall—named from England's once grandest palace. Only the Banqueting Hall now remains. Here Wolsey gave his splendid fetes; here the Royal voluptuary, Henry VIII., fell in love with the hapless Anne Boleyn; and here Charles I. stepped from the palace window to the scaffold. Here the bard of Paradise Lost wrote Latin despatches for the Great Protector, who died within these walls; here Charles II. held his profligate court, and here he also died. The Hall is now a Royal chapel. I arrived late for service and found it locked; a little persuasion induced the guardian to open the door; but the haunting memories of the grand old hall, I am afraid, distracted my mind from the sermon.

Across the street is the Horse Guards, with its statue-like mounted sentries, and the splendid new Government Offices flanking each side of Downing Street, from whence has been ruled, for a hundred years, a Colonial Empire vaster than that of Rome in its widest range.

Passing through a narrow street, we come upon one of the grandest groups of buildings in the world—the venerable Westminster Abbey, St. Margaret's Church, and the new Palace of Westminster. Of course the Abbey first challenges our attention. Grand and gloomy and blackened by time without, it is all glorious within—a mausoleum of England's mighty dead. The clustering shafts springing toward the sky, and the groined arches leaping from their summit and supporting the sky-like vault overhead, must kindle in the coldest nature a religious aspiration. Then it is hoary with the associations of at least eight hundred years. I saw the crumbling effigies in the cloisters of the Norman abbots, from A.D. 1068-1214. The pious

hands that carved the fretwork I beheld had mouldered to dust eight hundred years ago. A full choral service was rendered—the sublime anthems pealing through the vaulted aisles, as they have for so many centuries. The retention of so much of the old Roman liturgy in the Anglican services is an illustration of the conservative tendency that characterizes the English treatment of all ancient institutions.

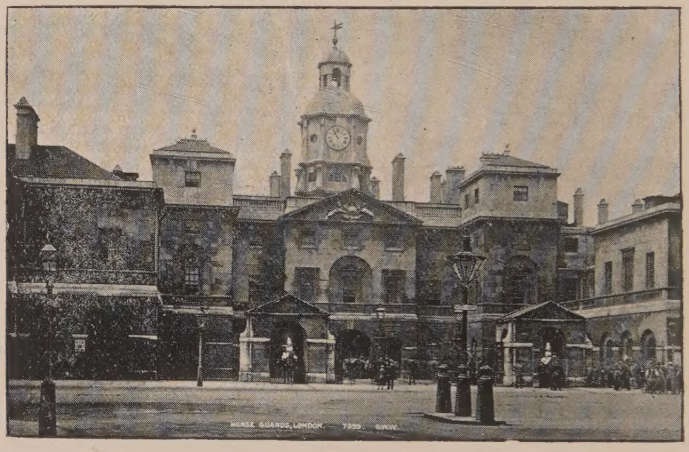
And all around were England's mighty dead, laid to rest in this great Walhalla of the nation—her kings and warriors, and statesmen; and mightier than they, her kings of thought and literature—the anointed priests and sages and seers of the "Poet's Corner," in which I sat, who still rule our spirits from their sceptred urns. I stood with feelings strangely stirred before the tombs or cenotaphs of the genial Chaucer, father of English verse; of Spenser, "the prince of poets of his tyme," as his epitaph reads; of Johnson, "O rare Ben;" of Cowley, Dryden, Addison, Southey, Campbell, Newton, Wilberforce, Macaulay, Lytton, Thackeray, Livingstone, and many another, whose written words have often given instruction or delight.

It is haunted with ghosts and with the memory of the many pageants, royal marriages and coronations and funerals, of which it has been the scene.

A very courteous and clerical-looking verger, wearing a much befrogged gown, escorted our party through the chapels. I only discovered that he was not the Dean or Canon by the promiscuous manner in which he dropped his h's. After he had parroted his piece, I asked permission to stroll through the chapels alone. It was kindly accorded, and for hour after hour I mused amid the moldering effigies of the kings, and queens, and princes, and nobles who slumber here. The exquisite stone fretwork of Henry VII.'s chapel can scarcely be overpraised. But its chief interest is in the tombs of two women, "not kind though near of kin"—the proud and lonely Queen Elizabeth, who found her crown but a gilded misery; and the beautiful and unhappy Mary Stuart, who, even in prison and on the scaffold, commanded the homage of thousands of leal hearts.

LORD NELSON'S MONUMENT, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

Here, too, are the tombs of many of England's sovereigns from the time of Edward the Confessor, who died eight hundred years ago. Beneath those moth-eaten banners and their fading escutcheons and crumbling effigies, they keep their solemn state in death. Above the tomb of Henry V. hangs the armour which he wore at Agincourt, the helmet still exhibiting the gash made by a French battle-axe. The Coronation Stone, affirmed to have been Jacob's pillow at Bethel, is geologically identical with the Scottish stratum at Scone, whence it last came.



THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS.

The Chapter House of the Abbey, a large and lofty octagonal room, from 1282 to 1547 was the Commons Chamber of England—the cradle of constitutional government, and the scene of some of the stormy conflicts by which were won the civil liberties we now enjoy. We heard Canon Farrar, at the hospitable table of Professor Goldwin Smith, tell a curious story about the early parliament, which met in this ancient Chapter House. Although the building is octagonal, there was one stone seat of special honour, in which an old-time Archbishop of Canterbury took his place as Primate of all England. His brother of York, claiming equal dignity, in the endeavour to occupy the same place of honour, sat down in the lap of his lordship of Canterbury. How they settled the question we do not at present remember. From this chamber it is an easy transition to the New Palace of Westminster, where the great council of the nation is royally housed. This stately pile is probably the largest Gothic edifice in the world, and in its symmetry and composition no less than in its imposing proportions, is a not an unworthy home of the Mother-Parliament of the Empire. Covering an area of nearly nine acres, it presents to the Thames a frontage of almost one thousand feet, and contains between five hundred and six hundred distinct apartments, with two miles of corridors. One of the finest features of the pile is the Victoria Tower—the loftiest and largest square tower in the world, being seventy-five feet square, and having a height of three hundred and thirty-six feet to the top of the pinnacle. Small as it may look from below, the flag-staff at the top is one hundred and ten feet high, and at the

base three feet in diameter, and the flag which it on occasions flaunts is sixty feet by forty-five feet. The Clock Tower, at the other end of the building, three hundred and twenty feet high, is famous both for its associations with unruly members and for its four-faced clock, the largest in England. The pendulum is fifteen feet long; the minute-hand measures sixteen feet, and its point every hour completes a circle seventy-two feet in circumference.

The architecture of this sumptuous pile is the finest civil Gothic structure in the world, a little overladen with ornament, perhaps, and already crumbling beneath the gnawing tooth of the Edax rerum, but grander than aught else I ever saw. Parliament had risen, so I could only see the empty seats of the great athletes who fight the battles of the Titans in the grandest deliberative assembly in the world.

The adjacent great Westminster Hall, with its open oaken roof six hundred years old, was the scene of some of the most important events in the history of the nation. Here many of the earlier parliaments were held; here Charles I. was condemned to death; and here Cromwell, throned in more than royal state, was saluted by the proud name of Protector. Among all the statues of the kings, princes, and nobles in Westminster Abbey and Palace, there is not found one of the peer of the mightiest of them all—the man who found England well-nigh the basest of kingdoms and raised her to the foremost place in Europe. In the Abbey I saw the spot from which the embalmed body of Cromwell was rifled, and then the pinnacle of this same Hall on which his head was long exposed to sun and shower. At length in a storm it was blown to the ground, picked up by a sentry, concealed in his house, and now—strange irony of history—is preserved, it is said, at Seven Oaks, in Kent.

OXFORD STREET.

Diverging to the right from the river, we may pass through St. James', Green, and Hyde Parks, to the wilderness of fashionable West End squares and the historic royal residences of Buckingham, Kensington, and St. James' Palaces.

It is a surprise to most visitors to note what vast areas of parks there are in London, Green Park, St. James' Park, Hyde Park, Regent's Park, and many another,

SERGEANT DRUMMER OF THE FIRST SCOTS GUARDS, GREAT BRITAIN.

stretching through vast areas. These are not reserved for the favoured few, but are free to the toiling multitudes. Instead of being railed out and ordered to "Keep off the grass," as in many American parks, the children play everywhere, and grown men loll and sprawl to their hearts' content. Sturdy John Bull is far more democratic in this regard than even the "uncrowned kings" of American democracy. Sometimes there is an air of sylvan solitude, as in our cut of St. James' Park.

The persistence of ancient institutions is marked in the quaint garb of many military and civil functionaries. The "beef-eaters" at the Tower, for instance, still wear the uniform of the time of Henry VII. The gorgeous sergeant drummer in our cut is in similar mediaeval costume. The janitors of the Bank of England and many other institutions wear gorgeous gold-laced costumes and portentous-looking hats, while the beadles of Bumbledon are enough to strike awe into one's soul.

One does not ordinarily see so much of the silk-stockinged and hair-powdered liveried footmen in the West End as on my first visit to London, but at a state pageant like the coronation they are abundantly in evidence, as well as the liveried coachmen mounted on the scarlet hammercloth of the royal carriages, who look almost more imposing than the king.

Our last engraving shows the

ST. JAMES' PARK, LONDON.

PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

main entrance to the South Kensington Museum—one of the noblest institutions in the world for the education of the people. We went one day, intending to spend a few hours, but we found it so instructive that we had to make three successive visits. This stately Norman door shows that modern architecture has lost nothing of the boldness and strength and impressiveness of the ecclesiastical architecture of the so-called "Age of Faith."

RAPHAEL'S SAINT CECILIA.

I stood before the artist Raphael's dream,
His dream on canvas, where Cecilia stands,
With rapt face, listening to the angels sing;
The organ slips from out her listless hands;
And instruments of music, broken, lie
About her feet; no more they satisfy.

Ay, Raphael, thou hast told the story well;
When once the choral songs of heaven break
Upon our ears, we too let go earth's joys,
And reach our hands that better things would take,
Content to lose earth's feeble melody
If so we gain heaven's blessed harmony.

—*Jennie M. Bingham.*

HOW THE LAYMEN MAY HELP THE MINISTRY.

BY THE REV. SOLOMON CLEAVER, M.A., D.D.*

IN moving the reception of young men into the ministry at these annual gatherings of our Church, we have uppermost in our minds the probationers, so soon to take upon them their ordination vows. How to make their ministry more effective for good is the problem before us on all these occasions. To this end these probationers receive much wholesome advice, which, if it were all printed, the world could scarce contain the books—and if it were all acted upon by any class of young ministers, even Solomon in all his glory would not be wise like unto them. I do not for a moment question the good that has been thus accomplished, and the simple reason why even greater good has not resulted is that the old adage still holds true, "It is easier to give advice than to take it."

But it has long seemed to me that this problem of the effectiveness of our ministers, young and old, has another side than the personal qualifications, equipment, and effort of the preacher—a side little if any less important, and yet one very often lost sight of in this discussion. It is the pew side, or the laymen's side—and to this I would like briefly to call your attention; and never having heard it discussed on these occasions by the elders of the Church, I have no definite standards of orthodoxy to guide me, nor any standards of heresy by which to condemn me. Yet I feel that anything that so vitally concerns the welfare of men and the spread of Scriptural holiness in the land as does the effectiveness of our ministry is of sufficient moment to call for our careful and prayerful consideration. I trust in the large-hearted charity and Christian zeal of this most representative body of laymen and ministers of this Conference to read into my presentation of the case the spirit of loving interest in our Church and Christ's Kingdom, which should ever be dominant with ministers and laymen alike.

That I may the more clearly view matters from the layman's standpoint, permit me in thought to doff my ministerial garb and be a layman with you in this discussion.

The question for us to consider is, What can we laymen do to make effective the ministry of these young men who come before us for admission into full connection with our Church? I firmly believe that without our co-operation they will largely fail in the work to which God and the Church have called them. It is a plain, simple, honest, homely, practical work in which they are engaged, and we are most likely to aid them in this work, which is ours as well as theirs, in a very plain, homely, practical way.

In the first place, we laymen can do much toward making the ministry of these men effective by receiving them well when they come to labour amongst us. For however much we may strive not to allow ourselves to be influenced by "first impressions," they have their effect upon us. Even the laying on of the hands of the senior brethren leaves enough of the human nature

* An address at the reception of the probationers for the ministry into full connexion at the Toronto Conference, June 9th, 1902.

in ministers to make them largely subject to the conditions that influence laymen. The preachers' wives do not have the hands of the elders laid upon their heads, and so enter the ministerial ranks with their full share of the human nature that pertains to their sisters in the homes of the laity.

So, try to disguise it as we please, first impressions count for a good deal in the ministry as elsewhere, and the influence of such impressions often follows for weal or woe throughout the whole term of the pastorate. The laymen are influenced through the years by their first impressions of the new preacher and his wife, and they are equally influenced by their first impressions of the laymen. Hence it is important that we should receive them well.

I do not mean by that, with a great display or large expense, but a good, honest, hearty, warm reception such as laymen would like if in their place. As nice a reception as we ever had in the days when I was a minister, was where the Recording Steward met us at the station with a carriage, and drove us over to the parsonage, where we found that our goods had been delivered before us, and a few ladies of the congregation welcomed us with a hearty hand-shake and a "We're glad you have come," and "Hope you will feel right at home with us," and "If there's anything we can do to make you more comfortable, be sure and let us know."

Then they all bade us good-bye, and we went through the parsonage and found everything clean and tidy and a place ready for us to lay our weary bodies down to sleep without having first to unpack our boxes. A wholesome meal was on the table for us, the kettle was boiling on the stove, and enough provisions were in the pantry to keep us from hunger until we could find out the location of grocer, and butcher, and baker. That was not an elaborate affair, but the kind and wholesome impression has lingered with us ever since.

"But," some one asks, "isn't that the way the preachers are always received?" No, not always. I have known a minister and his family, after notifying the friends as to the time of their arrival, alight at the station without a soul to meet them, or say, "You are welcome;" and had to inquire of strangers where the parsonage was located, and having discovered it, found the door locked, and the key to be sought for, and no provision made for their comfort until they had secured by personal endeavour the transfer of their goods from the station, and set the house in order with their own hands. To begin cheerfully and hopefully the work of God amongst such a people, and make a ministry as effective as it ought to be, would require more grace than most of us laymen often find ourselves in possession of—even on Sundays.

The second thing I would humbly suggest that we laymen might do to make the ministry of these young men effective is to house them well, which is another plain, homely, and practical proposition.

We laymen can greatly aid them in their work for God by making them comfortable and happy in their home surroundings. This, perhaps, affects more directly the preacher's wife, but as she is his better half, and makes his home life either bright and hopeful or dark and discouraging, it is difficult to overestimate its effect on the preacher and his work in the church and among the people.

It is a fact that must honestly be faced, that far too many of our parsonages, in appearance and furnishings, remind us of a third or fourth-rate boarding-house, where brief existence, rather than comfortable living, seems to be the object

sought, tending to impress on the pastor and his family the fact that they are but pilgrims and sojourners here, Heaven is their home.

If you would allow me, as a layman, to make a humble suggestion, I would say that for this state of affairs the preachers themselves are partly responsible when they do not draw the attention of the laity to the condition of the parsonage, and speak out plainly and strongly what they feel and believe in the case. Many preachers are far too modest in such matters, for fear of being misunderstood and lessening their influence. It is a mistake. Laymen respect the minister who respects his own rights and the rights of his wife and family. Besides, the preacher should remember that he is speaking for those that follow him in that parsonage even more than for himself, and his duty to his fellow-workers in the ministry demands that he speak out.

Into such an ill-furnished, ill-kept parsonage I was once about to move with my family, and the preacher leaving told me himself how much needed were certain repairs, but he did not like to ask for himself. I suggested that, since he thought these things were needed he should mention them to his reception committee. He promised to do so, but when we arrived we found his courage had failed, as he had said nothing. I have always thought that was rather cowardly. The consequence was that when we drew the attention of the ladies to the needs of the house, one good sister, since gone to heaven (though I never thought this helped to send her there) living in a fine house herself, made the remark, more courageous than courteous, that "the former pastor had made no complaint, and if it was good enough for them, she did not see why it was not good enough for us." This unpleasant experience would have been avoided if my predecessor had spoken out.

If you ask why we should be so particular to house our preachers well, I will give you some reasons. In the first place, the wives of our preachers form a class that in early advantages, culture, and education, will compare favourably with any class of ladies in the community; and none would have better and brighter homes than they, if they had not sacrificed cheerfully their worldly prospects to share in the hardships of the Christian ministry. I hold it is a shame that they should suffer unnecessarily in their home comforts.

Besides, no class of cultured and refined ladies in our land is given such a homeless, wandering, gypsy life as our preachers' wives. Yet no class longs more than they for a settled place which they can call home, and furnish it, though ever so humbly, according to their individual tastes and preferences. But every two or three or five years they must move into a strange house, too often poorly furnished—according to the taste, or lack of taste, of some one else. Yet is she a stranger among strangers, and thus, for the first year at least, largely shut up in her own home until she can form acquaintances and friendships. I hold that if any one class has a greater claim than another to all the home comfort and cheer, it is the Methodist preacher's wife. Again, we will not get the best preaching and work out of our minister if there is discouragement and discomfort and lack of brightness and cheer in his house.

Just here some one asks the brilliant question, "Why does not the preacher furnish his own home?" I answer, for the simple reason that it is impossible under our itinerant system. You who have moved into a neglected house, repaired, painted, furnished it at much cost, with months of hard labour and inconvenience, know what it means, and can readily see how impossible it

would be for a minister and his wife to repeat every two or three or five years this experience of which laymen groan, and sweat, and complain, if they have it to do more than two or three times in a lifetime. If this were required of the Methodist preacher under present salaries and circumstances, about the second or third move would send the preacher into bankruptcy, and his good wife to heaven, and leave the orphans to the tender mercy of the laymen. If we would render them efficient we must house them well.

In the third place we should pay them cheerfully and well. All agree with that statement, but the question arises as to what pay is good pay for a Methodist preacher. Let us inquire.

Can we say he is well paid so long as there is any class in his community who can say, "The preacher gets more than we do"? Is that a fair way to estimate the preacher's worth? Try it in any other walk in life. Tell the merchant that he is well paid for his management of the business so long as he gets a dollar a month more than the poorest paid of his employees. Tell the lawyer he is well paid because he gets more than his clerk, or the doctor because he gets more than the man who looks after his horses, or the farmer because he gets more than his hired man.

A man may be said to be fairly paid if he receives the commercial value for his ability and service—if he gets what he is worth. Well, what is a preacher's time and talent worth? How can we estimate the commercial value of his services? For we have no standard of value in our ministry, since, as a rule, men do not go into the ministry for the money there is in it. It is a labour of love and sacrifice, and not a matter of commercial values or gain. When God fixed the standards He gave the Levites one-third more than any other tribe.

But how shall we get some fair idea as to the value of the preachers' work to-day? Well, I will take a comparison that I think will be admitted as fair. Law, medicine, and the ministry are generally spoken of as the three learned professions. I estimate that it requires just about as much natural ability and training to succeed in one as in the other. The course of training is about the same length in all. I think fully as many young men preparing for the ministry take the Arts course in our universities as young men preparing for law or medicine, and I think the divinity students carry off as many scholarships and medals as either of these other professions. As the ministry thus stands on a level in natural ability, costly training and scholarship with the other two professions, the commercial value of the services would be about the same in each case. So we conclude that the amount of money made by lawyers and doctors gives us a fair idea of the value of the preachers' services.

Just here let me notice the objection that some of the poorly paid preachers get just as much as some of the poorly paid doctors and lawyers, and some get all they are worth to the community. I readily admit that. It would be hard to put the salary lower than the value of the services of some preachers, for they are worth so little, and the very same is true of some lawyers and some doctors. There are those in all the professions who are failures, and certainly it is manifestly unfair to frame a standard of values for successful men by the failures, and so in all our calculations we leave out those who are no good, and take for comparison only those who make a fair success of it. And a successful, or fairly successful Methodist preacher is worth as

much as a successful or fairly successful lawyer or doctor, whether in country, town, or city.

What does a successful country doctor make? Then that is what a successful country preacher is worth, and the difference between their homes and incomes is the amount the preacher is short in his pay, and is what the preacher is sacrificing for the privilege of preaching the Gospel. Compare the homes, furnishings, salaries, of successful lawyers, doctors, and preachers in our towns, and the difference is what the preacher is giving you of time and service free of charge. Compare the houses and salaries of successful lawyers, doctors, and preachers, in our cities and the difference is what our preachers is contributing as a free-will offering out of love to God and the needs of the laity.

Is there any difference? Will you take the trouble to find out the homes of the leading lawyers and doctors of this city, go inside and note the furnishings, inquire as to incomes, and then look up the parsonages of your leading preachers. Do the same in towns and country places, and you will see the difference. I have been making inquiries, and I feel sure that I am considerably within the mark when I say that our successful preachers whether in city, town, or country, are not paid more than one-half what the successful lawyers and doctors are. That means that we pay our preachers only one-half the commercial value of their services.

That means that every hard-working, successful Methodist preacher is contributing not only his full share according to his means, for missions and other enterprises of the Church and of charity, but one-half of the cost of the ministry in each church. It means that he contributes as much as all the rest of his congregation to the support of the Gospel minister. Think of what that means. Look at one of our city churches and congregations. The Methodist preacher standing in the pulpit, the lawyers, doctors, bankers, merchants, manufacturers, capitalists, in the pews, yet this one lone man in the pulpit puts up dollar for dollar with all his congregation, not for charity or missions, or church debts—that would be impossible, though he bears his fair share of these—but dollar for dollar as far as the support of the ministry is concerned, for they only pay him half his commercial value.

Is there murmuring or complaining amongst these preachers? No; they are too great-souled for that. They have chosen their life-work with their eyes open, and they do it out of love, and would gladly suffer more rather than give up their work for God and humanity. Are they pleading? No; but I venture, in the presence of these young men and these representatives from most of the circuits of this Toronto Conference, a plea for them. They make no demands. Let us pay them well—at least do our best for them in their finances and in their home. And after we have done our best let us remember that we are still largely in their debt, more than we can ever pay, and so let us now and then tell them, when we pay them their small salaries, "We know you earn far more than this, and wish we could pay you more, but we appreciate your service of love."

But our measure of responsibility and privilege is not yet quite full, even after we have received well, housed well, and paid cheerfully and well these preachers. There is another very important part for us to play in this most important work. What we have spoken of after all is only the material side. We should give them also our heartiest sympathy, co-operation and prayers on the spiritual side. There are

well housed, well fed, well paid preachers in this city who mourn over the failure of their work for the lack of the personal sympathy, labours, and prayers of the laity.

Brethren, our preachers, however able and faithful and zealous, cannot bear the load alone or do the work alone. Too often we are tempted to think he ought to do it, and might do it, and is paid to do it. We are asking the unreasonable and impossible when we expect it.

Two pictures come before my mind. In the first we see a broad valley among the mountains of the Sinai desert, two great armies are engaging in a fierce hand-to-hand battle. On the one side we recognize the warlike hordes of Amalek, bred in the hill country and skilled warriors from their youth, led by their far-famed war chiefs. On the other side we see the sons of Jacob, fresh from the cornfields and brick-yards of Egypt, making their way to the Promised Land. Brave and hardy men, but unskilled in the use of war weapons. Joshua, the son of Nun, as general, leads these men of Israel. Braver general never marshalled hosts upon the battle-field. And following his heroic charge, his faithful men crowd steadily back these warlike sons of Amalek, as they press on to victory. But from the battle waged in the valley, our eyes glance up the hillside. There stands Moses, the commander-in-chief of Israel's combined forces, his white locks and long beard streaming in the wind, and his hands uplifted heavenward as though laying hold of the help and strength of Jehovah. Here, then, is the connecting link of faith and prayer between the God of armies and his fighting hosts, and this is the key to Joshua's success and Amalek's failure.

But see, old Moses is weary and drops his arms to rest awhile. The link is broken, and see, in the valley the tide of battle turns, and Amalek prevails, and Israel and Joshua are helplessly beaten back. Up go Moses' hands again on the mountain and again Israel prevails in the valley. "And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed; and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed." But his hands are heavy. He has reached the limit of his strength, and even to save Israel he can hold them up no longer. Then the day is lost to Jacob's sons. No, not yet, for see, two men are with old Moses on the mountain, Aaron and Hur, they come to the rescue. They put a stone under the fainting old prophet, and stand on either side, and hold up his tired hands for him until the evening. And Amalek is smitten hip and thigh, their slain piled up in heaps before the tireless swords of Joshua and his brave followers, and the mountain passes are black with the fleeing hosts of Amalek's warlike sons.

The lessons are obvious: The fighting of Israel in the valley were in vain but for that lonely figure on the hilltop that snatched fire from the altars; and that lonely figure would have fainted and failed but for the sympathy and help of Aaron and Hur.

But another, a companion picture, is also here. In another valley and plain contending armies fight fiercely for the mastery. Here on one side are hosts more numerous and skilful than the men of Amalek, with more fiendish hate against the sons of God. They are black legions of the pit led on by their matchless leader, Satan. Opposed are those who fight for home, for purity, for righteousness in domestic life, in political life, in social life, who fight for God's kingdom in the earth. Women and children are found in this host, in the thickest of the fight, battling for husbands, and brothers, and parents, and home. See, there are faces

you cannot fail to recognize. Your boys are there, your girls, your brothers. And they must fight alone; no other can do battle for them. And they succeed. Hell's black legions are beaten back, for up on the hilltop of prayer, yonder, stands a lonely figure that looks, methinks, like a Methodist preacher, his hands uplifted unto God, a link of power joins your fighting sons with heaven and with God.

But see, his hands grow weary and fall. No wonder, for he is not stronger than Moses, Israel's greatest chieftain, and the tide of battle changes, and Satan's legions beat our children back. Your preacher's place between God and his fighting hosts is a place of awful trial and responsibility, with terrible tensions of nerve, and brain, and soul, a tension under which even old Moses' strength gave way. And there is no help unless we haste to the rescue and hold up his hands of faith and prayer by our strong hands of sympathy and help and trust in God. Then, as of old, victory will be on our side.

THE GLEANER.

BY MAY KENDALL.

"THE RIPENED HARVEST OF THEIR YEAR."

Through the long autumn of their days,
  A cloudless autumn warm and clear,
They bind their sheaves of joy and praise,
  The ripened harvest of their year;
And still alone I wander on,
And still I glean where these have gone.

And many scattered ears I find,—
  And they are ripe and sound and sweet;
Or haply in my hair I bind
  A poppy grown among the wheat;
And home, when gleaning-time is past,
I bear my slender sheaf at last.

So slender! But the day is spent,
  And all the harvesting is done.
The twilight holds a strange content,
  The knowledge of the hidden sun.
The bread is given, the water sure;
And rich am I, though I am poor.

A PLEA FOR THE CITY.*

BY THE REV. DR. JOHN WATSON (IAN MACLAREN.)

"And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride for her husband."—Rev. xxi. 5.

EVERY man who is in a wholesome state of mind must love the country, with its vast distances, its untainted air, its varied colours, its wealth of animal life, and its engaging simplicity of habits; and he must also resent the masterful aggression of the city which covers the ground with busy streets and replaces the quietness with the din of traffic. And there are times when one positively hates the city for its cruelty and wrong; the people come from the country healthy, contented, and religious, and then too often grow stunted, bitter, and unbelieving, and their lives are ground down by toil, or flung away in riotous pleasure. The city is like one of those fabled monsters of old who were fed with a wealth of young and beautiful life; for the city is ever devouring the best of the country and feeding its shrunken veins with the country's young, red blood. Yes, there are times when one longs to have done with the city altogether, when one is sick of its problems and its misery.

Let us remember, however, that so far as the country mood in us makes for simplicity it is good, and it is a makeweight against the artificiality of the city; but don't let us be carried too far lest we get out of touch with facts. The city is simply the inevitable result of a great law of human life which from the beginning has been gathering the people into communities, and making those communities to be the centres of national life, so that by the growth of the city can be estimated the progress of a country from barbarism to civilization. The city, of course, may be checked—and we should all like to see its increase checked by the removal of many employments to the country, and masses of the people restored to rural districts—but the city cannot be greatly reduced. It stands, it asserts itself, and exercises a paramount power over the country. You may create a pastoral community, spread them far and wide, and in a short time the city will rise and the city will be the heart, and the brain of the place. Whenever you see a tendency like that, and especially in the development of human history century after century, you may accept it as a law that cannot be annulled, as one that must be accepted and understood. And as a matter of fact the city has done as much for religion and the race as the country.

Let us remember, too, that if the country has been loved—I speak as a countryman—with silent devotion by patient, intense folk who would rather suffer poverty and hardship than leave her open places and her lovely glens, the city has won the devotion of elect souls. The pride of Isaiah in Jerusalem struggles through his shame at her sin and his anger at her unbelief. Charles Lamb so loved this London of yours that he could not bear to be long away from her, and declared he never felt safe except upon her streets. There was not a nook in Boston, there was not an incident in Boston's history, that was not dear

* A sermon preached in City Road Chapel, London.

to Oliver Wendell Holmes. Edinburgh was Sir Walter's own romantic town, and the love of St. Paul for Tarsus was only exceeded by his ambition to see the capital of the world. The countryman is greatly satisfied with his flower garden, and the sight of a field of ripe corn and the sound of running water, and that quietness which to the city dweller is intolerable, but the man of the city loves the crowded market-place and the streams of life in the streets, and the alternating moods of fierce endeavour and sparkling pleasure, and is even at home, and possessed of a kindly heart, amid the smoke and the varied noises and the pungent odours which distinguish one city from another.

Nor is it difficult to understand why the city seizes hold of the imagination and the pride of the strong man and fills his life. It is the city really—I don't love to say it, but I recognize the fact—it is the city really which inspires the workers in every department of human activity and in religion, except perhaps in the higher reaches, as where our Lord walks with St. John. It is not only the captains of industry and commerce, not only the rulers of high affairs and politics, that find the city a congenial dwelling-place, but have you ever thought that the ablest artists and writers are carried away by its weird fascination?

Surely the painters might have been loyal to the country, to the country which fed their genius; but Blake made his home in London, against whose closed doors the fashion of London beat in vain; and the finest French painter of our generation, who alone has conveyed to us by pictures that are in our homes the struggle and the hard and honourable life of the French peasant—Millet, was near unto death in the city of Paris. There are few people whom the country will raise to a height; the majority are in the city, with its electrical atmosphere, searching criticism, quick ideas, and alternating moods, where the whole comedy and tragedy of human life are placed upon the stage at one time. Why, we feel it ourselves. We come back from the country in autumn charmed and rested, carrying in our souls many pictures we shall never forget, but—confess it—a little slow in thought, and a little disinclined for action. But no sooner do we come under the smoke than immediately our mind awakes, and we are caught up in the passion both of thought and work.

We lament the multitude of men and women who are cut off before their time in the city by the stress of city life. Ah, well, that is the tragedy of the city. But have you thought of the multitude of men and women who never come to anything in the country, but just go on like slow, dumb animals? That is the tragedy of the country. It is where life is keenest, and the call most exacting, and the burden heaviest—there it is that the richest warp and woof of character is wrought. St. John was a countryman, born on the shores of the Galilean Lake, and brought up amidst the glories of rural life, but when he looked forward, and, in vision, saw the time that was to be when the present things had passed away, it was not a garden of Eden, but a city he beheld—Jerusalem cleansed from sin and unbelief, coming down from heaven, where the streets were as pure gold, and the foundations laid with many precious stones, and the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb were the light thereof.

Well, if these things be so, and if the city is the centre of human life, then let me emphasize the fact that among the causes that make chiefly for the good of the Commonwealth is local or city patriot-

ism—I mean the patriotism that is as distinct from imperial patriotism as the river is distinct from the sea into which it runs. Have you ever considered from your standpoint as citizens of the greatest city in the world, the beautiful—I might almost say the pathetic—patriotism of a little country town? Why, they are so jealous down in that little place which you see as you whirl past in the express train and wonder how people live there at all—they are so jealous of their good name that they carry in affectionate memory everything, however slightly famous, that has to do with their history. They remember every person that leaves their town, and if he gets the smallest honour they treasure it jealously. They have a name for their town, and if they meet people they meet them upon the affectionate basis of this name. And if you read the little country newspapers you read how the crops are getting on and who cut his corn last, and how "the son of our respected townsman" has been appointed to a higher position as a railway clerk, and how somebody's son has been made a corporal in the Black Watch. From the city point of view that is provincial vanity and petty interest; but I am sure I shall carry your better insight with me when I say that it is just that spirit of *esprit de corps* that lifts the people out of their own littleness and makes them feel that they also are part of the great empire. Whenever the smallest place loses its self-respect, then it will begin to decay and corrupt, and according to that decay will be the decay of the empire, for just as an army depends on the spirit of the separate regiment, so the whole empire depends upon the patriotism of every single town.

Now it has occurred to me that in great cities such as this one and the one in which I labour, there is not a civic patriotism anything like in the same proportion as in the country towns—not the sense of unity, the sense of pride, and the minute and affectionate interest of the country town. The vast number of people, the grandeur of the whole affair, the crushing burden of work, make against it; but it is one of the great losses of the cities that they are not inspired throughout all their members by this spirit of passionate attachment to the city and this unreserved devotion to the city's interest. What a thing it is—I speak as a provincial—to be a citizen of the capital of this great Empire! Is it the case that you have told your children of the city to which they belong? Have you taken them to the Westminster Abbey to show them where the mighty dead are buried; have you taken them to the Tower and to the Houses of Parliament, and shown them the cathedral that rises as a witness to faith and holiness amid the din of the city? Are you proud of the parks stretching through the city, and are you determined to hold the city girdled about with green trees, and are you prepared to make sacrifices that it may be so? Do you know the homes of art and literature, and do you know that this city of yours is growing more beautiful every year?

Now, if a man says, What is London to me but a place where I can make a modest fortune and then be done with it? I will say that this—I will use the words—is a discreditable and unpatriotic attitude on the part of that man. It is not merely a question of pride, it is a question of duty also, for a man should not only boast of the city in which he lives, but should be prepared to render it public service to the best of his ability. That Christianity is too ethereal and artificial which has wrapped a man up so much either in theology or meditation that he is indifferent to the

institutions around him, by which he is profited, and the men who are his neighbours. When Christianity ceases to be patriotic it is unworthy both of the Hebrew prophets and of St. Paul. There are men who are perfectly willing to live in a city for their own purposes, whose whole organic connection with it consists simply in paying taxes because they must, and criticising the government in which they take no share. It is very easy for a man who is successful and counts himself cultured to stay at home and speak contemptuously of the local rulers, and allow it to ooze out in his conversation and manner that he would not condescend to take any place in local government. It is cheap criticism, it is an unworthy attitude; it is disloyal to the Commonwealth and disloyal to Christ.

No doubt in every town men may have passed into the council, or whatever the local parliament is called, with selfish ideals and with poor ability, but who is to blame for that? No doubt the man is to blame who grasps at a place he cannot properly fill, and uses the power when it is bestowed for private ends; but the blame also lies at the door of the man who sits by careless and contemptuous when unworthy men receive the power. No doubt, also, in most cities there has been some degree of misgovernment—greater or less—by which sectional interest may have been furthered, and great improvements hindered; but the blame for that lies largely upon those who knew what ought to have been done, and could have secured that it should have been done, and yet would not touch the affairs of the local commonwealth with the tips of their fingers.

All honour to men of ability and character, men who perhaps were entitled to leisure and the gratification of honourable tastes, who have taken off their coats instead, and have given themselves to the work of local government. If the supply of such men fails, and if Christian men will not be prepared not only to accept seats in the local legislature, but to work in the minute affairs of local administration until their fellow-citizens count them worthy to receive such honour—if the supply of such men fails you understand what will happen, because it has happened in America. The power will pass into the hands of wire-pullers, and will be used for corrupt and selfish purposes, and you will then be governed by men in whose character you have no confidence, and with whom you would not associate in private life.

No apology need be made for asking a man to give himself in an unselfish spirit to local government and to the organization in the humblest way of local government, for this city of yours is a larger state than most of the colonies, and it is ten times more substantial than many foreign nations. Yes; and the man who enters the local parliament now has in reality more direct power than a man who enters the Imperial Parliament, for a strong man can carry through in a year in a county council a measure to bless his fellow-citizens that in the Imperial Parliament he might have failed to do in a lifetime. The scope of local government is widening every year, the opportunities of doing good are increasing, and the burden and responsibility of local administration get to be greater. I say it with emphasis—to be an influential member in one of the local parliaments is a more honourable thing than to be a member of the Imperial Parliament, in this one sense: it gives a man a greater, surer, and quicker opportunity of ameliorating the condition of his fellow-citizens. And I make no apology on religious grounds, for as far as I can read the signs of the times—and there are many wiser

here to correct me if necessary—it appears to me that we are on the eve of a social revival.

There are two kinds of revivals —I don't want it to be thought that I am putting them in contrast; I am only making a temporary contrast for the purposes of explanation—there is the spiritual and individual revival, which deals with the individual and regenerates him, and there is the general and social revival which deals with society and regenerates society. We have had great spiritual revivals by the hands of your prophet Wesley and by others down to Moody—one of the noblest men who ever visited England. But has it not occurred to you that in spite of earnest prayers we were not, as we expected, visited lately by another spiritual revival? And you will notice there is a temper among men to-day which can hardly be said to prepare them for such a revival. My brethren in the ministry will either confirm or check what I say. In my own time I have noticed a change of mien in sick and dying people I have visited. A man to-day when visited is not so anxious as his father would have been about his own soul or about what is to happen to him, but he is more anxious than his father would have been about what is to happen to his wife and children.

Not long ago I visited a professional man who was struck down with an illness which kept him conscious to the last, but caused his death in a few days. He was absolutely unconcerned about himself, leaving himself in the hands of Eternal Love, and found rest when he discovered it would be well with his wife and family. That is the modern state of mind. And if to-day you are pleading for money to build a church, you are likely to get it ten times more easily if you plead for it as for a philanthropic enterprise. Foreign missions to-day are more acceptable to the modern mind if you can prove that they are working along the lines of present-day thought, and are taking medical relief to those who suffer pain. Men have lost interest largely in theology, but interest in the Sermon on the Mount is keener than it has ever been. They are less interested in arguments about Christ's person —though I regard that as the centre of all things—but they are intensely interested in what Christ said they should do to their fellow-men.

That, you may say, means a little coarsening of ideals. Yes, perhaps so; but may it not be a sign of how God is going to work this century? May the day not have come when God has a controversy with us because, although our theology be correct and our worship almost perfect—and, I suppose, theology was never more learned and worship never had greater resources of music and beauty—we have not done what we could for the poor and needy in the land? What if God be calling to us not to build more churches, but to see more to the homes in which His people are living; not to spend more money on organs and choirs, but to relieve the poor and destitute? There are questions crying for solution, and whilst I would never plead that the Church of God as an organization should take part in politics, or as an organization should directly interfere in trade disputes, yet I do plead that, working through her children, she will use her whole influence to settle as far as possible the people upon the land, that we may have a healthy, strong, and contented population, to secure long before the century ends that people shall not be living in cellars and hovels in the city, but that every man for whom Christ died shall have a home of some kind, however small, where he can live in peace and decency with his wife and children; that the gross tempta-

tions of the city public-houses at every corner and the scenes in Piccadilly Circus at night shall be brought to an end.

Yes, and I emphasize again, working through her children, that the Church shall, by quickening the conscience of the nation, secure that every man who is willing to work and works honestly shall have a fair wage to keep his home and family. Well, suppose these things should be partially accomplished, then the alienation between the proletariat and the Church would come to an end, the poor would know that the Church was their best friend, and then would come times of blessing. "Relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." And then "Let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." But the widow and fatherless first, before the forgiveness of sins comes. "This is what I want: set the captive free; draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity and thy darkness be as the noonday." And the soul of the individual—the believing man—shall be "like a watered garden, and like a spring of water whose waters fail not."

It is not enough that a man should build up his own home in righteousness and preserve it in peace—though that is the first duty of every man—but every man ought himself to see to the home of his brother, too. It is not enough to see that his own soul is safe—though, mark you, I am not to be understood as belittling that as the first concern of man—but he must see how it fares with his neighbour, both in body and soul; it is not enough that we seek to live—as I trust by the grace of God we are living—so that when this life is over we may enter into the heavenly kingdom, but we must see to it that we are trying to bring heaven nearer to the city in which we live; to establish that city—this city of yours, my Liverpool, any other man's city where his lot is cast, the city of his habitation and love—to establish it in purity and righteousness, in knowledge and understanding, in health and holiness, according to the words, not of a Hebrew, but an English poet:

"I may not cease from mortal fight,
Nor let the sword slip in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land."

A HARVEST PRAYER.

Lord of the harvest! once again
We thank Thee for the ripen'd grain;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year;
For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed time and by harvest-tide.

The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnish'd by the King of kings;
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task;
So shall Thine angels issue forth;
The tares be burnt; the just of earth,
Playthings of sun and storm no more,
Be gather'd to their Father's store.

Daily, O Lord, our prayer is said
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread;
But not alone our bodies feed;
Supply our fainting spirit's need;
O Bread of Life! from day to day,
Be Thou our Comfort, Food, and Stay!

—*Joseph Anstice*

THE PREACHER'S RELATIONS TO THE SOCIALISTIC FEATURES OF THE DAY.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

THE temptations which beset the preacher to-day to intermeddle with things which he does not understand are at once innumerable and overpowering. There is a mean and sneaking desire in many quarters to be considered modern, up-to-date, and fully abreast with the times. In a large and important sense I am dead against such petty ambitions. I hold that no man is abreast with the times except the man who lives in close communion with God, and in continual association with the spirit of Jesus Christ. To my mind the Bible is the newest of all books. We have done infinite mischief in closeting a good many things within the four corners of dictionaries and antiquities. For example, we suppose that the Scribes and Pharisees lived some hundreds of years ago, whereas they are among us to-day, still the enemies of Christianity, and still tempting the heart to hostility toward all the deepest meanings of the cross.

My constant conviction is that Jesus Christ is just as much among us at this moment as He was in the days of His flesh. To Christ I go for the deepest and truest interpretations of human spirituality, motive, and immediate relationship to God. We have put even God Himself far away from our daily thinking. We have set Him high in the heavens, and have given Him all the throne He can occupy, provided it is far enough away from this disciplinary state of schooling. We must alter all this, if we would put ourselves as preachers in the right relations to the burning questions of our times. The Bible must not be regarded as an old book, but a new book. Bethlehem is not a term in Eastern geography; it ought to express the place which Christ occupies in our hearts as child, and boy, and man, and Saviour. This being my conviction, I am afraid I shall be regarded as out of sympathy with all up-to-date and fussy movements, movements which depend for their temporary success on bands, demonstrations, and all the various instruments and tabernacles of angry ignorance.

Hardly any term requires to be more carefully and precisely defined than the term socialism. In a sense all Christians are Socialists, and in another sense nobody but Christians can really understand the true nature and compass of Socialism. Does Socialism mean the well-being of every member of civilized society? This is precisely what Christ would bring about if His redemption and sovereignty would be cordially accepted by the human heart. It is impossible for a Christian to have any hostile feeling to any human creature. In his degree the Christian is perfect as his Father in heaven is perfect, and it is the joy and the glory of the Christian revelation to have made known to us that God is love. We have allowed the burglar to steal many words, to the use of which he has really no true title. Socialism is one of those terms, so is secularism, so is agnosticism, and so is the great word church. We have become afraid of the word church

because it has become profaned and prostituted by persons who have turned it into a tyranny and a blasphemy. But the word is Christ's own. From Christ we learned it; from Christ we have received it; and in the name of Christ we ought to persist in retaining it. Have our leaders thought sufficiently of the great crime which has been been committed by the Church of Christ allowing so many noble and expressive words to be taken out of its vocabulary and to be rebaptized, so to say, with new dedications and meanings?

The apostle insists that no Christian should "suffer as a murderer, as a thief, or as an evil-doer, or as a busybody." Is it not remarkable for so simple and trivial a term as "busybody" to be connected with so black and awful a term as murderer? The word which the apostle used in writing his epistle is but poorly translated by the word busybody. The correct translation would be: Let no man suffer as a murderer, . . . or as one who is hostile to society, a kind of self-appointed bishop setting himself up to dictate terms of social life and government. The word "busybody" does not refer to the lovers of mere gossip, or tittle-tattle, or interference in affairs which belong to other men. We might vary the translation and say, Let no man suffer as an Anarchist, a Nihilist, a destructionist—in other words, as an enemy of that great mystery, related and co-operative society.

When any impudent inquiry is made as to the relation of Christianity to socialism, it is for Christianity to resent the impudence, and to proclaim that on its human side it is the only true conception and outworking of socialism. If any man professes Christianity and loves not his brother, he simply disproves his claim to be related in any wise to Jesus Christ. He must not be allowed to bear witness in the court of socialism. He must be hooted out of that court as one who, professing the Christian religion, fails to exemplify the Christian spirit. "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" "If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar." This is a name which the Apostle John assigned to him, and it is not for us to water down the term or to deplete it of its vital force.

If any preacher will give himself night and day to the study and exposition of the Gospel as it is found in the New Testament, he will do all that any preacher is required to do. If any preacher has any faculty for social organization, by all means let him use it. If any man feels that his place is less in the pulpit than in the political field, by all means let him vacate the pulpit and take the place which marks his individuality of vocation and responsibility. Surely preachers were not intended for any other work than the direct and fervent declaration and exposition of the Gospel. The moment a preacher feels that his preaching is burdensome to himself, that his living interest in it is gone, that the people do not respond to his particular way of revealing the kingdom of God, he should never ascend the pulpit again. All this, however, is no slur upon his sincerity, or his general intellectual competence, or his power of being highly and blessedly useful; it only means that preaching is not his function, and that when a man is set in a wrong relation to his work he ought to rectify the misfit at the earliest possible moment.

Look for a moment at such a question as the war in South Africa. Preachers, in my judgment, have intermeddled most mis-

chievously with this business. They have sought to relieve statesmen of their responsibility to direct affairs of the state, to usurp the prerogatives of experts in the discussion and settlement of international affairs. Preachers as such have nothing to do with annexations, frontiers, amnesties, and methods of dealing with complex military questions. It is of course absolutely right for them to breathe the spirit of peace, to tranquillize all dangerous excitement, and to preach the gospel of mercy and justice. That is a very different thing from attempting work for which preachers have no fitness. They excite only ridicule, and necessarily display their ignorance of the inner and real facts of the case. The Government of the day must know all the secrets, all that is most vital, all that must be held in austere reserve during periods of complexity and inflammable political sensitiveness.

Is the preacher then shut out from exerting any influence upon the nation in times of war and utterest distress? Nothing of the kind. The great instrument of prayer is at his service; in all his public work he can show the spirit of Christ; he can create an atmosphere where he cannot adjudicate in a controversy. Besides, the Government of the day, whatever it may be, holds its position in the acutest and severest vigilance and criticism. The Opposition must always be reckoned as one of the chief forces of political life. Nearly everything now is done in the daylight of public opinion and judgment. Surely, then, it is not for Christian ministers to gather together for the purpose of surprising, improving, and directing things that are merely political and imperial.

Preachers can, however, do a mighty work by so Christianizing public opinion that even Governments may be made to feel that they must consult that influence in contemplating and executing their military measures. The motto of the pulpit should be, Educate the conscience, rouse the conscience, encourage and support the conscience. Great questions must be settled spiritually before they can be settled politically. But some men are never easy unless they are in a public meeting, shouting, declaiming, cheering, and opposing, as the case may be. It is difficult for me to believe that such men know anything whatever about the spirit of Christ and the purpose of His kingdom.

But whatever some ministers may do in relation to political and international questions, they should not use their pulpits for the purpose of upholding one-sided opinions in matters which are open to honourable contention. There is a great outcry on behalf on what is called free speech; but I contend that no speech is free which is confined to one side of any question. I hold that no minister is at liberty to stand up in his pulpit and assert that only one political view is correct and righteous. When a question may be honourably controverted, it is for both parties to speak and for the whole case to be heard. If the preacher will courageously deliver his testimony upon any public question and immediately afterward invite some opponent of his view to represent the other side, he might be making some real approach to what is fairly called free speech. Besides, no preacher puts himself in his own pulpit. The preacher is chosen by the people on certain broad understandings, and he is honourably bound to respect those understandings. What, then, is he to do in the event of his having very deep and urgent convictions upon controverted questions? His course of duty is, from my point

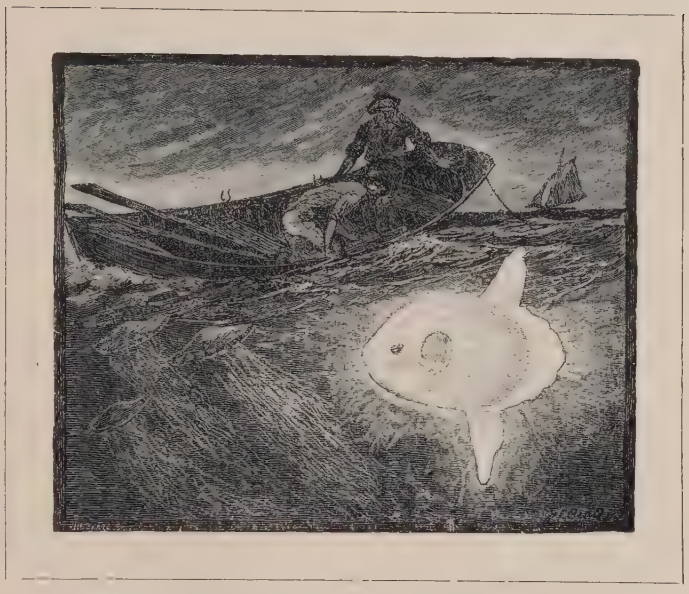
of view, perfectly plain. Let him call the people together upon some occasion when all parties can be heard, and let him give to those who differ from him a full opportunity of criticising and opposing his convictions and opinions. Public Christian worship does not offer an occasion for political or contentious discussion. When only one side can be heard, it is at once unjust and absurd to characterize such a opportunity as an instance or exemplification of what is meant by free speech. The pulpit must be just before it can be beneficently influential.

As to the socialistic features of the day, the Christian preacher can have but one definite relation. The age is vexed and tormented by competing programmes, schedules, reforms, and inventions. All the centuries through people have had to endure such vexations. Every generation brings its peculiar prophet, its special gospel, its unique and unparalleled nostrum for the cure of social evil. Those of us who have been long in the field of Christian service have seen programmes rise and fall, social schemes flourish like a green bay-tree, and yet in after years they have been sought for but have not been found. There have been schemes for saving England, for helping progress, for remedying social distress. There have been hypotheses upon which the State was to be reconstructed and turned into a happy family. All these paltry and superficial and tricky inventions have risen, flourished, faded, but the Word of the Lord endureth for ever, and this is the Word which is by the Gospel preached unto the nations.

The Christian preacher does not awaken from his nightly slumber to find what new social invention he has to adopt. Truly his motto is "Semper Eadem." His gospel awaits his awakening. It is always the same; it is always adapted to every changing state of society; it is so simple yet so profound as to admit of being preached to every creature under heaven, and yet we may have too often yielded to the time-spirit and gone out after daily novelty as if it were daily bread. We must get back to commonplaces—to such places as God rules, Christ redeems, the Spirit illumines and sanctifies. My heart's desire and prayer to God is, now that the evening shadows are gathering around me, that men would be busy with the right things, at the right times, and under the right direction.

It is natural to the young man just beginning his pulpit course to think that he can revolutionize the world and make the rough places plain. God forbid that I should discourage such holy ambition and enthusiasm. I have gone through it all. I have noticed the people's love of novelty and their subsequent disgust at the thing which first exerted at least a momentary influence. I have sat down with Elijah in his solitude when, after many perils and many heroic and occasionally failing services, he said, "I am not better than my father." Such periods of disappointment will fall upon us all, yet God will come to us in the silent and desolate cave and tell us that the work is His, not ours; and being His it cannot ultimately fail. Let us beware of stale originalities. Let us reject with intellectual scorn any plan that sets itself in competition with the cross. Would God that my voice could reach all preachers, teachers, and holy men, when I repeat it as my solemn conviction that this world is only to be brought back to God through the medium of a Gospel evangelical in doctrine and evangelical in tone.

LIVING LAMPS.



THE SUBMARINE SUN (THE SUN-FISH).

TO those who go down to the sea in ships, or linger along the indentures of rocky shores on summer nights, an opportunity is offered to enter the confines of that mystic realm, the phosphorescent world.

On the New England coast these displays of phosphorescent phenomena are particularly noticeable. and the castellated rocks are frequently bathed with their splendours. When

> "The day is done, and the darkness
> Falls from the wings of night,"

the phantoms of this world of light spring into existence, changing the bosom of the ocean to a scene of weird revelry. Every drop of water seems a gleam of light, and the grim kelps and seaweeds depending from the rocks drip with liquid fire.

The scene, as the waves break upon the rocks, is one of dazzling splendour.

But what are these mystic shapes? In answer, we dip the scoop-net into the water; the wish of Midas is here well-nigh fulfilled. The meshes become a shiny web of golden fabric, and entangled in them are myriads of gleaming living creatures, the veritable lamps of the sea. They are medusæ—jelly-fishes, if you will—too common to be described; unsightly objects when stranded upon the shore, but at night possessed of a loveliness peculiarly their own. Large forms of aurelia and cyanea move along, surrounded by a halo of golden-greenish light. The cyanea is a giant of its kind, a fiery comet sweeping in and out among the lesser mimic constellations. One of these large jellies was observed

LANTERN-FISHES.

near Nantucket from the mast of a vessel moving lazily along, its disk encircled by a halo twenty feet in diameter, while the train of gleaming tentacles stretched away two hundred feet or more. Mrs. Agassiz measured one whose disk was seven feet across, with tentacles over one hundred and twelve feet in length.

So numerous are these and other light-givers in the Northern seas that the olive-green tint of the water is due to them even in the daytime. Mr. Scoresby, finding sixty-four of them in a cubic inch of water, summed up the amusing calculation that if eighty thousand persons had commenced at the beginning of the world (he refers to popular, not geological reckoning) to count, they would barely at the present time have completed the enumeration of a single species found in a cubic mile.

Humboldt, who bathed among the noctilucæ of the Pacific, tells us that his body was luminous for hours after, and even the sands upon which they were left at low tide appeared like grains of gold. The captain of an American ship traversed a zone of these animals in the Indian Ocean nearly thirty miles in breadth. It was a perfect night, yet the light emitted by these myriads of fire-bodies, of which he estimated there were thirty thousand in a cubic foot, eclipsed the brightest stars; the Milky Way was but dimly seen, and as far as the eye could reach, the water presented the appearance of a vast sea of molten metal of purest white. The

sails, masts, and rigging cast weird shadows all about, and flames sprang from the bow as the vessel surged along—an impressive and appalling spectacle.

Seeming pillars of fire have been seen from the decks of vessels, coursing along, and standing out in vivid brightness against the night, which upon close observation were found to be water-spouts formed in a sea of these living lights, so that the whirling, rushing column appeared a veritable pillar of fire. So bright was the light observed by Sir Wyville Thomson, that he read the finest print by their light from the port of his cabin.

Sir Joseph Banks was the first to observe phosphorescence among crabs, and during his trip from Madeira to Rio he captured one (*Cancer fulgens*) that actually appeared to be afire, presenting a most astonishing spectacle. Placed in a glass on the deck of the vessel, it sent out magnificent flashes of light, especially when irritated, impressing the beholders that it had the property of secreting some phosphorescent matter that was subject to the will.

In the Bay of Biscay the crabs have been dredged from a depth of half a mile, with eyes mere stalks, their tips blazing with phosphorescence. The light was confined to these points, giving them a singular appearance in the dark as they waved to and fro.

Among the deep-sea fishes dredged by the *Challenger,* numbers totally blind were found by Dr. Günther, of the British Museum, to possess colossal luminous organs, while some had extremely large organs of vision, especially fitted to absorb the pale phosphorescent light. In his opinion these luminous organs are used as torches to lighten the dark recesses of the sea, or as a means of communication between their possessors. Willmoes was fortunate in observing the phosphorescent light emitted by the fish sternoptyx, while the moon-fish has been observed by many moving through the water like a great moon or sun, emitting a pale, silvery light over its entire surface.

It is in the Southern seas that these displays of nature reach their fullest development. We have seen the bottom with its waving plumes and fans studded with glittering diamonds; the graceful yellow and purple reticulated fans (gorgonias) bathed in warm lambent flames of green, blue, and white, which, when lifted from the water, illuminated our faces by their light.

Humboldt refers to the spectacle he enjoyed when passing through a zone of them in the Gulf Stream, distinguishing by their light the forms of dolphins and other fishes that, surrounded by their gleams, stood out in bold relief far below the surface. The light they emit is at times yellow, red, green, and azure blue, and so brilliant that it is said of Bibera, the naturalist, that he used them to illuminate his cabin, writing a description of them by their own light. They are met with in the South American waters in vast shoals, dimming the lustre of the stars, and giving the sea the appearance of molten lava that here and there breaks into flashes of light, born of the incandescent forms below.

On such a night among the Florida keys our party had been drifting over the reef in silent admiration of the scene below, when in the boat in front of us a singular light suddenly appeared like a halo surrounding a fair young face, flooding it seemingly with golden radiance. A large pyrosoma had been captured, and in its glass prison held aloft in pleasant jest—a living beacon to the more tardy explorers. The brilliancy of this beautiful creature was distinctly visible at a distance of several hun-

LANTERN-FLIES.

dred yards, and that of one five feet in height can well be imagined.

Among land animals light-givers are equally abundant. Dr. Phipson, the eminent chemist, is said to have observed a metallic pink phosphorescent light in the eyes of a human being in perfect darkness, and Rewiger, in his "Natural History of Paraguay," relates that he has seen the eyes of the sleeping monkey so brilliant in complete darkness that they illuminated objects at a distance of half a foot, and cats' eyes often seem to fairly blaze. The gecko, a lizard found along the Nile, has been observed to emit a brilliant light. I have frequently found upon the breast of the night-heron a yellow oily powder, and was informed by credible witnesses among the fishermen of the reef that at night the spot shone with a yellow phosphorescent light, casting upon the water about the watchful bird a golden glare, an alluring summons to many a luckless fish that fell a victim to this phase in the struggle for existence. Earthworms are often phosphorescent, and the common thousand legs are so numerous at times that the upturned earth seems flecked with golden patches. These are the lamps of the subterranean world, changing the gloomy tunnels of the worm and mole into halls of light.

Among insects the fire-fly is the most familiar, its sudden appearance, as night comes on, changing the gloom to a scene of splendour. The green luminous spot under the microscope shows a cellular tissue filled with a yellowish oily substance traversed by the trunks and branches of trachæ or air-tubes from a larger one that issues from the breathing-hole near the luminous mass. When this spiracle is closed, the light disappears, shining

again when it is opened, and as the air-holes open and shut at the will of the insect, it is assumed that the light is so controlled, also explaining why the light is greater when flying than at rest.

The beetles (elater) are the most resplendent forms of the South. Over seventy distinct species of them are known from Chili to the Southern States of North America. They have two yellow phosphorescent spots upon the back, and two others hidden under the wing-cases, which are only visible when the insect flies. We have frequently read by their light; allowing the insect to cling to the finger, and passing it along the page, a spot two inches in diameter would be rendered luminous by the dorsal lights.* The sight produced by these tropical fire-flies is often extremely magnificent, and has been aptly described by Southey:

"Sorrowing we beheld
The night come on; but soon did night display
More wonders than it veiled: innumerous tribes
From the wood-cover swarmed, and darkness made
Their beauties visible; one while they streamed
A bright blue radiance upon flowers which closed
Their gorgeous colours from the eye of day;
Now, motionless and dark, eluded search,
Self-shrouded; and anon, starring the sky,
Rose like a shower of fire."

Now a red glare dashes by, followed by an intermittent blaze of rich orange-yellow, while in the foliage all about the brilliant green light of the photuris appears, dying away a mimic revolving light. At times these attract others of golden hues, and a bevy of flashing incandescent bodies circle about each other for a moment, and then dart away like flaming meteors to illumine the gloom beyond. One, the pyrophorus, emits, when at liberty, a rich ruddy glow, and again a yellowish orange, but in captivity it seems diffused with a pale green glow. These are the insects the early Spanish invaders took for the lights of an immense army as they advanced upon the ancient capital of Mexico. At this time they were used by the natives at night, numbers of them being tied to the feet. Southey refers to this in the poem already quoted. When Coatel was guiding Madoc through the cavern,

"She beckoned, and descended, and drew out
From underneath her vest a cage, or net
It rather might be called, so fine the twigs
Which knit it, where, confined, two fire-flies gave
Their lustre."

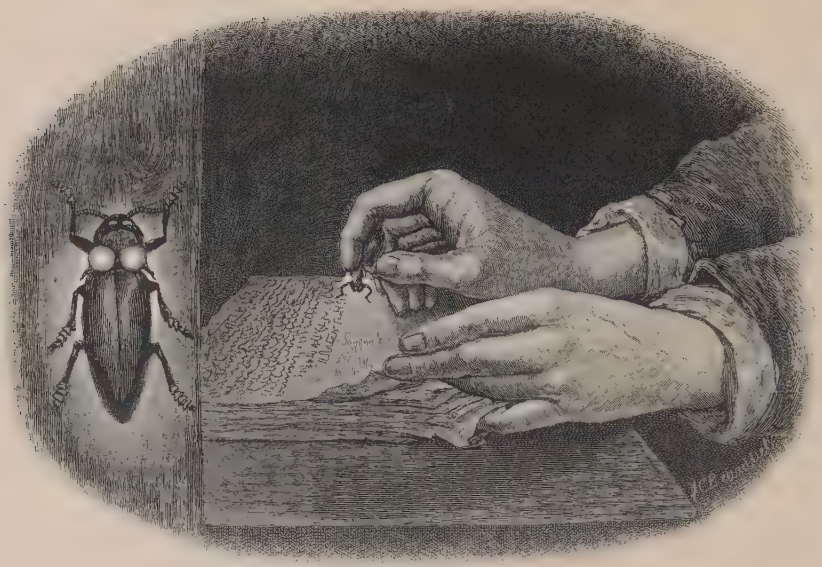
In parts of the South to this day they are in common use as a decoration by the ladies; and among the peasantry of Italy and Greece a gala toilet would not seem complete without a diadem of flashing fire-flies that gleams and scintillates like a veritable halo about their heads. As evening falls, these maids of the sun follow the gleaming insects, and bedeck one another with living gems that only nature can produce.

At the Cape of Good Hope a curious beetle is found, the *Paussus lineatus,* that appears to be holding two globes of light, in reality its horns or antennæ, which are phosphorescent.

The Chinese have the curious lantern-fly (*Fulgora candelaria*), with its long cylindrical proboscis, from the transparent sides of which a brilliant light appears. Travellers have observed the magnificent spectacle of a tree covered with these light-givers, the limbs, branches and leaves blazing with unwonted splendour. Madame Merian observed another of this genus that emitted a light of such intensity that the box in which they were confined seemed to be afire.

Many of the plants about which

* We have ourselves, near Simcoe, Ont., read at night by the light of three or four fire-flies in a small phial.—Ed.



READING BY MEANS OF THE ELATER NOCTILUCUS.

these gorgeous creatures move share with them the phosphorescent favour. In South America, a vine known as the cipo, when injured, seems to bleed streams of living fire. Large animals have been noticed standing among its crushed and broken tendrils, dripping with the gleaming fluid, and surrounded by a seeming network of fire. A singular luminosity has been observed about a little plant of the hepatica family, while among the fungi many forms are more or less phosphorescent. In the mines of Hesse, North Germany, this cryptogamic phosphorescence is seen in great beauty, the air galleries appearing illuminated with a pale radiance resembling that of moonbeams stealing through some distant crevice.

What botanist or lover of flowers has not in the twilight watched the fairy-like gleams play about the petals of his or her nasturtiums? About the yellow petals of the sunflower that nods us recognition from some humble door-yard, these culprit fays of light are seen; and then upon the maricold, the orange lily, Oriental poppy, buttercup, and many more, their lavish favours play.

About the roots of olive trees in Italy the red mushroom (*agaricus*) is found. Just before nightfall it becomes pervaded with a blue phosphorescent light that grows in brilliancy as the darkness increases, only dying away as the sun returns again. If taken from the ground and kept in darkness, it gleams with light for several days.

This wondrous phenomenon of phosphorescence, that is found alike in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, in life and death, in growth and in decay, is, though doubtless the result of molecular action, still a sealed letter, a secret yet held by nature. The illumination of plant life is supposed to be electric, while various theories are arrayed against each other as to the explanation of the phenomenon among animals, many scientists believing it to be a slow combustion; but the most delicate thermoscope fails to show the slightest heat, and

the phosphorescent substance of animals shines for some time *in vacuo,* as well as in hydrogen gas or carbonic acid, that are powerless to support true combustion. Yet many claim that phosphorus exists in the luminous tissues of insects, and the phenomenon is combustion without heat.

It is generally accepted that all light-giving animals have distinctive phosphorescent organs or glands in which the phosphoric substance is secreted. Darwin saw the luminous matter streaming from a dead jelly-fish (*dianaea*), and the phosphorescence of the thousand-legs comes off upon the hands. Yet, again, the same light gleams upon dead fish that in life gave no evidences of phosphorescence, and could have had no secretive glands.

The light of the common fire-fly shows a spectrum from which the blue and violet are omitted; in most insects examined, the least frangible rays predominate. The phosphorescence of an injured insect gives a spectrum of nearly green light only —strange to say, similar to that of phosphoric oils and phosphorus.

As to the economic value of the light-emitting power of animals, we can form a more perfect understanding. It has been demonstrated that the lights of insects are their signals of communication—the males distinguishing the gleams of the female. In marine phosphorescent animals they may serve a similar purpose to attract and warn, and are the veritable lights of the "dark unfathomed caves," illuminating the abysmal and unexplored depths —the darkest spots on the habitable globe.

SUMMER'S OVER-SOUL.

BY RICHARD REALF.

O earth! thou hast not any wind which blows
That is not music. Every weed of thine,
Pressed rightly, flows in aromatic wine;
And every humble hedgerow flower that grows,
And every little brown bird that doth sing,
Hath something greater than itself, and bears
A loving word to every living thing—
Albeit it holds the message unawares.
All shapes and sounds have something which is not
Of them. A spirit broods amid the grass;
Vague outlines of the everlasting thought
Lie in the melting shadows as they pass;
The touch of an Eternal Presence thrills
The breezes of the sunset and the hills,
Sometimes—we know not how, nor why, nor whence—
The twitter of the swallows 'neath the eaves,
The shimmer of the light amid the leaves,
Will strike up thro' the thick roofs of our sense,
And show us things which seers and sages saw.
In the gray earth's green dawn something doth stir,
Like organ hymns within us, and doth awe.

AMONG THE HABITANTS.

ON THE WAY TO MONTMORENCY (NOTE WAYSIDE CROSS).

THE Land of the Habitants may be described as that which stretches from Gaspe to Beauharnois. The aspect of the villages and the daily life of the people are more like that of the Old World than anything else on this continent. It is often far easier to fancy one's self in the Breton or Picardy of the seventeenth century than in the plain, prosaic Canada of the nineteenth. The wayside crosses and shrines, and the numerous tin-roofed, twin-spired parish churches, "whence the angelus ringing sprinkles with holy sounds the air, as a priest with his hyssop the congregation," attest the prevalence of the Roman Catholic religion. Frequently a huge cross on a hilltop indicates that we are in a temperance parish.

The following is the judicious account, by one who knows them well, of the character of the habitants of New France:

The railway and telegraph of the nineteenth century run through a country in which hundreds of people are to all intents and purposes in the seventeenth century. Not to their disrespect be this said, but as showing the tenacity with which they adhere to their language, manners, and customs.

The Canadian habitants are probably as conservative as any people on earth. Where innovations are thrust upon them by the march of progress they adapt themselves to the changes, but where they are left to themselves they are happy in the enjoyment of the life their fathers led, and are vexed by no restless

FARM BUILDINGS, CACOUNA.

ambition to be other than they have been. Their wants are simple and easily supplied; they live peaceful and moral lives; and they are filled with an abiding love for their language and a profound veneration for their religion. By nature light-hearted and vivacious, they are optimists without knowing it. Inured to the climate, they find enjoyment in its most rigorous seasons.

French in all their thoughts, words, and deeds, they are yet loyal to the British crown, and contented under British rule. Their ancient laws are secured to them by solemn compact, and their language and religion are landmarks which will never be moved. In places where the English have established themselves, some of the habitants understand the English language, but none of them adopt it as their own. The mingling of races has a contrary effect, and the English tongue often yields to the French. There are many Englishmen in Quebec whose children do not understand a word of their father's native tongue, but there are no Frenchmen whose children are ignorant of the language of France.

A traveller is very favourably impressed by the manners of the country people. Many of them are in very humble circumstances; books are to them a sealed mystery, and their circumstances of life are not such as are supposed to conduce to refinement of manners. Yet everywhere the stranger meets with courtesy, and finds the evidence of true politeness—not mere ceremonial politeness, but that which is dictated by sincerity and aims at the accomplishment of a stranger's wishes as a matter of duty.

As we thread this romantic region, everywhere is seen the familiar church; no hamlet is too poor to have a good one. Should you seek the cure, you will find him a man whom it is a pleasure to meet—well-informed, affable, and full of the praises of the land in which he lives. The habitants have a sincere regard for their spiritual advisers, who are truly pastors to their

THE VILLAGE OF ST. PAUL.

people, men whose lives are devoted to the well-being of their flocks. They follow in the steps of the pioneer missionaries, whose heroic devotion in the past must for ever be honoured by men of every creed.

Cacouna is a quiet enough way-station during the greater part of the year; but during "the season," that is, July and August, it is one of the busiest on the line. Big trunks lumber the platform, and crowded omnibuses fly to and fro. "Cacouna," says Mr. Reynolds, "is papilionaceous. In the summer it spreads its wings and is jubilant; its shores are thronged by the votaries of pleasure; boats dance upon the water, the gay and festive dance upon the land; there is music in the air, and brightness everywhere. In the winter, it subsides into an ordinary village; the natives sit alongside of two-story stoves and dream of the coming summer; empty houses abound; and the great hotel is abandoned to silence, to darkness, and to Peter Donnegan."

It is the fashion to call Cacouna the Saratoga of Canada. The Canadian Newport would be the better name. The broad outlook and health-giving breezes of the St. Lawrence will for ever prevent it becoming the mere fashionable resort that the former gay American watering-place is. Saratoga is one of the hottest, and Cacouna is one of the coolest, summer resorts that I know.

Five-and-thirty years ago I spent a month here. Then it was one of the quietest places in the Queen's dominions. I brought a trunk full of books, and when I had read them all I sent to Quebec for some more, which did not arrive till after long

delay. One can't bathe all the time, and, barring the walks over the breezy hills, it was a good deal like going to gaol for a month, or, at least, being a prisoner "on the bounds." But now "Nous avons change tout cela." It is certainly the gayest and most popular watering-place in Canada. Here may be seen, in all her glory, "la belle Canadienne," and her English-speaking cousin, who combines all the grace and beauty of the Old World with the vivacity and brilliancy of the New. The great hotel, with its six hundred guests, and several of the lesser ones, are scenes of liveliest festivity. In the cottages and "pensions" people of quieter tastes will find abundant gratification. The ubiquitous presence and obliging courtesy of the habitant gives a fine foreign flavour to the social atmosphere that is quite piquant. I was complimenting one of the French "carters," as they are called, a corruption of "charretier"—on the steadiness of his little runt of a Canadian pony, when, with an eager grimace, he replied, "Oui, oui, monsieur, il est tres tranquille."

AN OLD MILL.

Six miles from Cacouna is the important river port and railway station of Riviere du Loup. Its name is said to be derived from the fact that many years ago it was the resort of great droves of

seals ("loups-marins"), which frequented the shoals at the mouth of the river. It is, at all events, a pleasanter derivation than the suggested one from the ill-visaged wolf of the forest. The place abounds in picturesque scenery. A long and strong pier juts far out into the river, and is a favourite promenade and an important place of call for steamers.

The sunset view across the river of the pearly-tinted north shore, twenty miles distant, is very impressive. Frequently will be seen a long, low hull, from which streams a thin pennon of smoke, where the ocean steamer is making her swift way, outward or homeward bound. Nearer the spectator the sails of the fishing craft gleam rosy red in the sunset light, and then turn spectral pale like sheeted ghosts. This is the only place where I ever saw fishing with a rifle. When the white-bellied porpoises, and sometimes whales, gamble and tumble amid the waves, they are often shot by expert marksmen. They are frequently twenty feet long, and will yield a hundred gallons of oil.

The most romantic associations of the habitants' country cluster around the fortress city of Quebec, celebrated in the following vigorous verses by our late Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne:

O fortress city! bathed by streams
  Majestic as thy memories great,
  Where mountains, flood and forests mate
The grandeur of the glorious dreams,
  Born of the hero hearts who died
  In forming here an empire's pride;
Prosperity attend thy fate,
  And happiness in thee abide,
Fair Canada's strong tower and gate!

For all must drink delight whose feet
  Have paced the streets or terrace way;
  From rampart sod, or bastion gray,
Have marked thy sea-like river great,
  The bright and peopled banks that shine
  In front of the far mountain's line;
Thy glittering roofs below, the play
  Of currents where the ships entwine
Their spars, or laden pass away.

As we who joyously once rode
  So often forth to trumpet sound,
  Past guarded gates, by ways that wound
O'er drawbridges, through moats, and showed
  The vast St. Lawrence flowing, belt
  The Orleans Isle, and seaward melt;
Then past old walls, by cannon crowned,
  Down stair-like streets, to where we felt
The salt winds blown o'er meadow ground.

Where flows the Charles past wharf and dock,
  And learning from Laval looks down,
  And quiet convents grace the town,
There, swift to meet the battle shock,
  Montcalm rushed on; and eddying back,
  Red slaughter marked the bridge's track;
See now the shores with lumber brown,
  And girt with happy lands that lack
No loveliness of summer's crown.

Quaint hamlet-alleys, border-filled
  With purple lilacs, poplars tall,
  Where flits the yellow-bird, and fall
The deep eve shadows. There when tilled
  The peasant's field or garden bed,
  He rests content if o'er his head
From silver spires the church bells call
  To gorgeous shrines and prayers that gild
The simple hopes and lives of all. . . .

The glory of a gracious land,
  Fit home for many a hardy race;
  Where liberty has broadest base,
And labour honours every hand,
  Throughout her triply thousand miles
  The sun upon each season smiles,
And every man has scope and space,
  And kindliness from strand to strand
Alone is born to right of place.

The drive from Quebec to the Montmorency is one of the loveliest conceivable. We mount the "calèche," a queer, nondescript sort of carriage, and are whirled rapidly along. Emerging from the narrow, tortuous streets—in which the wind has hardly room to turn round, and if it had would be sure to get lost, so crooked are they—we pass through the portals of Palace Gate, whose ancient structure is now removed. The road wanders carelessly along the river side, past old, red-roofed chateaux, moss-covered, many-gabled, memory-haunted; by spruce and beautiful modern suburban villas, through quaint old hamlets, with double or triple rows of picturesque dormer windows in

DRESSING FLAX.

the steep, mossy roof, with the invariable "Church of our Lady," the guardian angel of the scene, from whose cross-crowned spire the baptized and consecrated bells "sprinkle with holy sounds the air," through sweet-scented hay-fields, where the new-mown grass breathes out its fragrance, past quaint thatch-roofed barns and granges, "where stand the broad-wheeled wains, the antique ploughs, and the harrows"—past the crowded dovecots where "susurrus and coo of the pigeons whispereth ever of love"—past the fantastic-looking windmills, brandishing their stalwart arms as if eager for a fray—past the rustic wayside crosses, each with an image of the Christ waving hands of benediction over the pious wayfarers who pause a moment in their journey to whisper a Paternoster or an Ave Maria—past all these onward still wanders the roadway, on our right the silver St. Lawrence, on our left the sombre-hued Laurentian mountains, and far behind us the old, high-walled, strong-gated, feudal city. As we drive along, little children run beside our carriage offering flowers, asking alms; dusk-eyed, olive-skinned girls are hay-making in the meadows or spinning in the doorways; and the courteous habitant with his comical chapeau and scarlet sash bows politely as we pass. Really one can hardly resist the illusion that he is travelling through Picardy or Artois, or some rural district of Old France.

GEORGE FOX "TESTIFYING" IN LICHFIELD.

"The word of the Lord came to me, saying, 'Cry, woe to the bloody city of Lichfield.'

GEORGE FOX AND THE QUAKERS.*

BY THE EDITOR.

"THE rise of the people called Quakers," writes Bancroft, "is one of the memorable events in the history of man." A brief study of this event may make us acquainted with some "men worth knowing."

The period of the "Great Rebellion" and of the Protectorate was one of intense religious agitation. Puritans and Prelatists, Presbyterians and Independents, were striving for the mastery, and everywhere refuting and reviling one another. Amid the seethings of religious and political controversy, the wrangling of innumerable sectaries made confusion worse confounded. Anabaptists, Brownists, Familists, Fifth Monarchy Men, Levellers, Muggletonians, Perfectists, Southcotians, Sceptics, Socinians, filled the land with their strange babbling and fanatical practices.

Amid this strife of tongues one earnest soul was seeking, with much fasting and prayer, the inner light which guides into all truth.

* The chief authorities for this paper are Fox's Journal, Sewell's History of the Quakers, Hepworth Dixon's Life of William Penn, Carlyle's Cromwell, Bancroft, Macaulay, and Knight, *passim*, Neal's Puritans, and many Cyclopedia articles. In the Plays and Novels of the Restoration, Aminadab Sleek, the Quaker caricature, is the butt of the dissolute witlings of the time.

"I SAT IN A HAY-STACK, AND SAID NOTHING FOR SOME HOURS."

George Fox, born 1624, was the son of a poor Leicestershire weaver, by his mother descended from the stock of the martyrs. In his boyhood he was set to tend sheep. The solitude and silence of his employment fostered the natural thoughtfulness of his nature, and he read much his only book, the Word of God. He was early apprenticed to a Nottingham shoemaker, and as he worked on his bench he pondered deeply the problems of human duty and destiny. In his nineteenth year, at a country fair, two companions proposed to have a stoup of ale together. Fox consented, but when they called for more, saying that he who would not drink should pay the whole score, he refused, and paid his groat, with the words, "Nay, if that be so, I will leave you." "This simple ale-house incident," writes Hepworth Dixon, with perhaps exaggerated rhetoric, "was one of the most important events which had yet happened in the history of the Anglo-Saxon race; for out of it was to come Quakerism, the writings and teachings of Penn and Barclay, the colony and constitution of Pennsylvania, the Republics of the West, and in no very remote degree, the vast movement of liberal ideas in Great Britain and America in more modern times."

"That night," writes Fox in his journal, "I did not go to bed, nor did I sleep; but sometimes walked up and down, and sometimes prayed and called upon the Lord." In that long night of watching and prayer, there came to his soul a voice saying, "Thou must forsake all, and be a stranger unto all." So he wandered forth without purse or scrip, seeking the spiritual illumination for which his soul yearned. "I fasted much," he writes, "walked abroad in solitary places many days, and often took my Bible and sat in hollow trees and lonesome places until night came on; and frequently in the night walked mournfully about by myself; for I was a man of sorrows in the first working of the Lord in me."

"THEY LED ME, TAKING HOLD OF MY COLLAR, AND BY MY ARMS."

Groping thus blindly in the darkness, if haply he might find God, he sought the learned doctors of divinity for counsel, but they proved only blind guides. One advised him to sing psalms and smoke tobacco; another told him to go and lose some blood. His mother urged him to marry; his companions invited him to join the village band and drum his melancholy away; and others advised him to join Cromwell's army. His soul was tossed upon a dark and stormy sea, at times sustained by gleams of hope, at times plunged into deep despair.

At length, after years of darkness, the inner light dawned. His heart was filled with joy and peace. He felt a commission to proclaim this new experience to mankind. He began to preach up and down the land, with an eloquence and power that surprised himself and all who heard him. He had also a testimony to bear against the hireling priests and false teachers of the steeple houses—he refused to call them churches. "That is not the true Gospel," he would cry out in the midst of a sermon, "come down, thou deceiver!"

Dragged before the magistrate, he refused to take off his hat, or to make obeisance, save to his Maker. He thought it savoured of hypocrisy to address any one but as "thee" or "thou," or to use any titles of honour—even the highest were addressed in their proper names.* He refused all oaths, in obedience to the command, "Swear not at all." He was beaten, stoned by the rabble, pilloried and imprisoned again and again by the

* "Friend Charles," said William Penn, as he stood covered in the presence of his sovereign, "Why dost not thee keep on thy hat?" "It is the custom of this place," replied the Merry Monarch, "for only one person to be covered at a time."

A BURIAL AT SEA ON BOARD THE "WELCOME."

magistrates. But he returned not railing for railing, and when smitten upon one cheek he literally turned the other also. "More of his time was spent in gaol than out of it; yet he had no fear of gaols. He entered them without a murmur. He refused to leave them except with honour.* He resolved to out-weary his oppressors—

> "To oppose his patience to their fury,
> And suffer with a quietness of spirit
> The very tyranny and rage of theirs."

Such persecution wrought its natural result. It created sympathy for the man and for his doctrines, which were soon embraced by hundreds in all parts of England. In seven years there were sixty preachers of the new sect, and thousands of followers. An intense missionary zeal fired their souls. They sought to convert the whole world. Fox, himself, appealed to the lowest and the highest. "He preached to milkmaids, and discussed points of theology with ploughmen." He wrote to admonish Pope Innocent XI., and had much discourse with Cromwell, exhorting him "to keep in the fear of God and to hearken to His voice." "He caught me by the hand," says Fox, and said, "'Come again to my house. If thou and I were but an hour of the day together, we should be nearer one to the other. I wish no more harm to thee than I do to my own soul.'" The great Protector recognized in the preaching shoemaker a hero heart akin to his own. Fox wrote also godly counsels to the ambassadors of the great powers, assembled at Nimeguen, to treat of peace.

"Innocent girls and unworldly men," says Hepworth Dixon, "went forth in

* King Charles once offered him a pardon, but he would not take it, because a pardon implied a confession of guilt.

conscious and fearless innocence to bear the seeds of truth to every corner of the earth. Hester Biddle forced her way into the presence of the Grand Monarque of Versailles, and commanded him in the name of God to sheathe his destroying sword. Others made their way to Jerusalem and to New England, to Egypt, to China, and to Japan. One young woman of dauntless resolution carried the words of peace to the successor of Mohammed in his camp at Adrianople, who received her with the respect due to one professing to come in the name of God. Another took a message to the Supreme Pontiff and his Cardinals at Rome. Some were moved to go forth and convert the savages of the West and the negroes of the South; and one party set out in search of the unknown realms of Prester John. Everywhere these messages bore the glad tidings that they had themselves received; everywhere treating all men as equals and brothers; thee-ing and thou-ing high and low; protesting against all authority not springing from light in the soul—against all powers, privileges, and immunities founded on carnal history and tradition; and, often at the peril of their lives, refusing to lift the hat or to bend the knee—except to God."

"Some of Fox's followers, however," continues Dixon, "were betrayed by their zeal into acts of the wildest fanaticism. One woman went into the House of Parliament with a trenchard on her head, to denounce the Lord Protector, and before the face of his government, dashed the trenchard in pieces, saying aloud: 'Thus shall he be broken into pieces.' One Sarah Goldsmith went about the city in a coat of sackcloth, her hair dishevelled, and her head covered with dust, to testify, as she said, against pride. James Naylor gave himself out as the Messiah, and a woman named Dorcas Ebery made oath before the judges that she had been dead two days and was raised again to life by this impostor. Gilbert Latye, a man of property and education, going with Lord Oberry into the Queen's private chapel, was moved to stand up on one of the side altars, and inveigh against Popery to the astonished worshippers. One Solomon Eccles went through the streets, naked above the waist, with a chafing dish of coals and burning brimstone on his head, —in which state he entered a Popish chapel and denounced the Lord's vengeance against idolaters. 'William Sympson,' says Fox, who never did these things himself,* 'was moved to go at several times for three years, naked and barefooted, in markets, courts, towns, and cities—to priests and great men's houses, as a sign that they should be stripped naked even as he was stripped naked.'"

Small wonder that the prisons were soon crowded with these deluded Children of the Light, as they called themselves.

The most illustrious of Fox's disciples was William Penn, a man who was very far from being either a fanatic, or a fool. He was the son of Sir William Penn, a gallant Admiral of the British Navy, and no unworthy rival of those famous sea-kings, De Ruyter and Van Tromp. The future founder of empire was born in 1644, and in his youth the stirring events of the Great Rebellion and the Protectorate took place. He was brought up in the dignity becoming his station, and at fifteen was sent to Christ Church College, Oxford. He was a diligent student, and recoiled from the profligacy which followed the Restoration. He became a convert to the pure and peaceable doctrines of Quakerism, and was expelled from college. The choleric Admiral, highly incensed, beat him and drove him from his house. He was afterwards reconciled and sent the boy to Paris, to forget amid its gaieties his Quaker principles.

Young Penn preferred the study of theology at Samur to the dissipations of Paris. At his father's wish he returned to England, and studied law at Lincoln's Inn, but remaining fixed in his principles he was again turned penniless out of doors. He began to preach and write in defence of the persecuted tenets of the Quakers. He was arraigned for heresy and committed to the Tower, and was

* He is said, however, to have gone barefooted through the streets crying out, "Woe to the bloody city!"

threatened with imprisonment for life unless he would recant. "Then my prison shall be my grave before I budge a jot," he indignantly replied; "for I owe my conscience to no mortal man." He was kept in a solitary dungeon for nine months. He betook himself to the prisoner's usual solace, and added one more glorious book to the literature of the Tower—a noble treatise, still a favourite, on the consolations of religion, entitled, "No Cross, No Crown." The gallant old Admiral was conquered, and became reconciled to his brave-souled son.

Scarcely was he at liberty a year when he was again arraigned under the tyrannous "Conventicle Act," for having spoken at a Quaker meeting. "Not all the powers of earth shall divert us from meeting to adore the God who made us," he declared. "Thus," says Bancroft, "did a young man of twenty-five defy the English legislature. Amidst angry exclamations and menaces, he proceeded to plead earnestly for the fundamental laws of England,* and, as he was hurried out of court, still reminded the jury, that 'they were his judges.' Dissatisfied with the first verdict returned, the Recorder heaped upon the jury every opprobrious epithet. 'We will have a verdict, by the help of God, or you shall starve for it.' 'You are Englishmen,' said Penn, who had been again brought to the bar, 'mind your privilege; give not away your right.' 'It never will be well with us,' said the Recorder, 'till something like the Spanish Inquisition be in England.'

"At last the jury, who had received no refreshments for two days and two nights, on the third day gave the verdict, 'Not Guilty.' The Recorder fined them forty marks apiece for their independence, and amercing Penn for contempt of court, sent him back to prison. The trial was an era in judicial history. The fines were soon after discharged by his father, who was now approaching his end. 'Son William,' said the dying Admiral, 'if you and your friends keep your plain way of preaching and living, you will make an end of the priests.'"

In eleven days the brave old Admiral died, and his son became heir to his ample estates. But he continued to inveigh against the vice and immorality by which, from the palace to the hovel, society was honeycombed. He soon found himself, for speaking at a Quaker meeting, again in Newgate prison—one of the vilest in Europe—where he remained for six months. On his release he travelled in Holland and Germany, and on his return he married a lady of extraordinary beauty and sweetness of temper, who "chose him above many suitors, and honoured him with a deep and upright love." He continued to preach and write in defence of the principles of the despised and persecuted Quakers. But while strenuous in controversy, he was gentle in spirit. I know no religion," he wrote, "that destroys courtesy, civility, and kindness."

Weary of the corruptions of the Old World, he sought to find for the persecuted Quakers a home in the New. This enterprise he called the "Holy Experiment." He obtained from Charles II., in 1681, in payment for a debt of £16,000 due to his father, a patent for what is now the noble State which commemorates his name—nearly as large as the whole area of England. He would have called

* "This is," says Hepworth Dixon, "perhaps the most important trial that ever took place in England."

it New Wales, but the Welsh Secretary of State objected to the indignity offered to his country. Penn suggested Sylvannia, but the King named it Pennsylvania, the Forest Land of Penn. The pioneer made his will before he sailed, lest he should never return. He urged strict economy in all respects but one—the education of his children, in which no cost was to be spared. "I charge you before God and His holy angels," he solemnly declared, "that you be lowly, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people, hating covetousness."

True to his principles of peace, Penn refused, in spite of remonstrance and ridicule, to arm his followers, even in their own defence; and his sagacity was vindicated by the fact that during the long and bloody Indian wars which ravaged the continent, not a single hair of a Quaker was harmed.

Next to the sailing of the "Mayflower," the most important event in the history of the continent was the sailing of the "Welcome," bearing Penn and his fortunes. Alas! it also bore the dreaded smallpox. Every day for three weeks of its two months' voyage some one died, and over thirty of its hundred passengers were committed to the deep—Penn ministering with his own hands to the dying, and helping to bury the dead.

At length the pest-smitten ship entered the noble Delaware, and on the site of the city, well-named of "Brotherly Love," Penn made his famous treaty of peace and friendship with the Indians—"the only treaty," with his usual cynicism, says Voltaire, "which was never sworn to and never broken." The genius of West has immortalized the scene, and till 1810 the Treaty-elm continued to be a memorial of one of the most significant events in history. A granite monument now marks the spot.

Between the Delaware and the Schuylkill, the founder of empire laid out, on an ample scale, what, with the prescience of a statesman, he foresaw would be a mighty city.* From the unkindly homeland of Britain, from the Rhine, from the Elbe, from the Zuider Zee, and from the other colonies of America, flocked the persecuted Quakers to this haven of refuge and peace; and in two years he left a prosperous colony of 7,000 people. "And thou, Philadelphia," he said at parting, "the virgin settlement of this Province, my soul prays to God for thee, that thou mayest stand in the day of trial, and that thy children may be blessed by the Lord, and thy people saved by His power. My love and my life are to you and with you, and no water can quench it, nor distance bring it to an end. I bless you in the name of the Lord."

When Penn returned to England he found vice and profligacy rioting in high places, and persecution devouring the poor and godly of the land. "The clergy," says Macaulay, "made war upon schism with such vigour that they had no leisure to make war upon vice." Wantons usurped the first places in the peerage, while John Bunyan and George Fox languished in dungeons. Penn counted up fifteen thousand families who had been ruined for opinion sake. Four thousand Quakers at one time lay rotting in noisome gaols, the companions of felons and murderers; and as many had died in prison. Penn interceded strongly with the new king, James II., with whom he was a favourite suitor, and obtained the liberation of fourteen hundred and ninety Quakers, and a royal proclamation of liberty of conscience to the oppressed sect.

* The farm-land was sold at 4s. per acre, with a reserve of 1s. per 100 acres as a ground rent.

After the Bloody Assizes, which have made infamous the memory of Judge Jeffreys for ever, Penn interceded for the lives of Cornish, an upright London citizen, hanged in sight of his own door, and of Elizabeth Gaunt, burned at Tyburn, for saving a wretch who afterwards betrayed her. Failing to procure their pardon, he stood by them in the hour of death, and afterwards defended their memory. As the noble matron arranged the straw around her feet, that the flame might do its work more quickly, the whole concourse of spectators burst into tears. She was the last woman who suffered death in England for any political offence.

When James II. fled from his palace, and all to whom he had shown favour escaped into hiding, Penn, almost alone of those who had stood near the King, remained. He would not even change his lodgings, nor take the least measures to keep in the shade. He was arrested and brought before the Lords in Council. An intercepted letter from King James, craving his assistance, was shown him. "What does the James Stuart mean?" was asked. "I suppose," said Penn, "he wishes me to aid in his restoration. Having loved him in prosperity, I cannot now hate him in adversity." Struck with his frankness, William III. honoured him with his confidence.

Again arraigned by his enemies, who, he said, "darkened the very air against him," he was for a time deprived of his authority as Governor of Pennsylvania, but was triumphantly acquitted and restored. But many troubles gathered around him. His beloved wife, "the one of ten thousand, the wise, chaste, humble, modest, constant, industrious, and undaunted," as he describes her, died. His friend, George Fox, worn by toil and travel in many lands, and wasted by imprisonment in many gaols, also, in his sixty-seventh year, passed away. His eldest son, a noble youth of twenty-one, died in his arms. He had expended his whole fortune, £120,000, on the "Holy Experiment" in the New World. His Irish estate was ruined by war. His name and fame were traduced. He was accused of being a Papist, a Jesuit, and a traitor. Owner of twenty millions of acres, he had to borrow a few hundred pounds to take himself and family—he had married again—to his vast estate in the New World.

He gave himself at once to reforms in the condition of the Indians and the negro slaves, of whom there were many in the colony—arranging for their gradual emancipation. An attempt to re-annex the colony to the Crown brought him again to England. His most poignant grief was to find his son a drunkard and a profligate. The youth promised amendment, and was sent to the colony to a position of trust, but his vices were so flagrant that he was expelled from the country. Even marriage failed to reclaim him, and he wandered a prodigal in the lowest haunts of dissipation in Europe, and died the victim of his vices, in poverty and distress, in an obscure town in France.

Penn's London agent proved an infamous scoundrel, and by fraudulent documents trumped up charges to the amount of £14,000 against his patron, threatening to seize and sell the colony if not paid. Unable to pay, the founder of Pennsylvania "as a free colony for all mankind," went to the Fleet Prison, where he remained for a long time, till his friends

compromised with his creditors.* Yet, though, old, infirm, poor, in prison, he was perfectly happy. "He could say it before the Lord," he writes, "he had the comfort of having approved himself a faithful steward according to his understanding and ability."

From the effects of this imprisonment at the age of sixty-five he never recovered. He soon received the first of those shocks of paralysis which in a few months laid his reason completely prostrate. For six quiet years, writes his biographer, he lingered on in a gentle and sweet decline, tasting the happiness of a repose for which he had sighed many years without attaining. He was again a little child, gathering flowers, chasing the butterflies, and romping through the rooms with the forsaken children of his wayward son. Never had he felt so happy. He could speak little, but a smile was ever on his face.

The gentle hands of wife and children smoothed his pathway to the life to come, and their love cheered and brightened his declining days. Thus, in a gentle euthanasia, he lingered year after year, and then gently, like a weary child, fell asleep, July 30th, 1718. He was seventy-two years of age. In the quiet churchyard of Jordans, in Buckinghamshire, beside the wife of his youth and his first-born son, rests his dust. Throughout the world the memory of his noble life, the moral grandeur of his character, the persecutions he endured, and the varied fortunes of his chequered career, awake the sympathy, the love, the homage of mankind.*

Space will permit brief reference to only one other of the early Friends,† the celebrated Barclay of Ury. He was a Scottish soldier who had stood—

> Ankle-deep in Lutzen's blood
> With the brave Gustavus.

Becoming a Quaker, he wrote in English and Latin his famous "Apology," the best defence of their principles ever published. His "Treatise on Universal Love," is a fervent remonstrance against the criminality of war, the horrors of which he so well knew. He travelled much with Penn and Fox to preach these new doctrines, endured much persecution, and was often in prison. He is the subject of a fine poem by Whittier. Mocked and jeered through his native town, once proud to do him honour, to an old companion in arms he said :

> "Happier I, with loss of all,
> Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
> With few friends to greet me,
> Than when reeve and squire were seen
> Riding out from Aberdeen
> With bared heads to meet me."

The persecutions of the Quakers during the first forty years of their history find no parallel during the last two centuries. Their goods were continually seized on account of their refusal to pay tithes or to bear arms. On the Quakers of

* Penn was a claimant on an estate in Spain, but with his usual fortune failed to obtain it. His uncle had married a Catholic lady, and amassed great wealth. He was seized by the Inquisition, tortured, and imprisoned for three years, and he never saw his wife again. Escaping to London, he made William Penn his heir, but money once in the clutches of the Inquisition is seldom recovered. Penn sold to the Crown his proprietary rights to the colony for £12,000, a sum far less than he had expended upon it.

* I have not thought it necessary to notice the ungenerous aspersions which Macaulay has cast upon certain of his political acts. These have received an ample refutation from the pen of his biographer, W. Hepworth Dixon.

† The nickname Quakers is said to have been given to them by a Derbyshire magistrate, whom Fox admonished "to quake at the name of the Lord."

Bristol there were levied, at one time, fines to the amount of £16,400, and throughout the kingdom not less than £1,000,000 worth of their property was destroyed—an immense sum for those days. Their meeting-houses were torn down, their services broken up, and the worshippers were beaten, and sometimes killed, by a brutal soldiery. For refusing to take the oath of allegiance, they were dragged to prison by thousands. To the matter of the oath as loyal subjects they did not object; but swear they would not. Thousands of them were done to death in noisome dungeons, the worst in Europe save those of the Inquisition. They were whipped half-naked through the streets at the cart's tail—even delicate women and young girls—pelted with rotten eggs and dead cats in the pillories, branded with hot irons, and their ears and noses slit and mutilated.

And the spoiling of their goods and torture of their bodies they took joyfully—persecuted but not forsaken, cast down but not destroyed, sorrowful yet always rejoicing, poor yet making many rich, having nothing and yet possessing all things. James Naylor, one of Cromwell's Ironsides turned Quaker—a mad enthusiast declaring himself to be the Messiah—received still more inhuman treatment. He was whipped and branded, his tongue was pierced with a hot iron, and he was imprisoned for three years. For ten days the Parliament debated whether he should be hanged or not, eighty-two voting for his death. He would nowadays be simply locked up as a harmless fanatic.

In the New World, whither they had fled for refuge, as well as in the Old—in Massachusetts, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia *—

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* In Virginia for absence from church they were fined £20 a month. In New England to harbour one of the "accursed sect" was a crime, the fine was 40s. for each hour. They were banished under penalty of mutilation, burning through the tongue, and death. But these Draconic laws were soon repealed.

See also Longfellow's noble tragedy "John Endicott." We cannot resist the temptation to quote a few lines. Edith Christison, a young Quakeress, is in prison and refuses the offer to escape:

"I am safe here within these gloomy walls.
Remembering who was scourged for me, I shrink not,
Nor shudder at the forty stripes save one.
I fear not death, knowing who died for me.
If all these prison doors stood open wide
I would not cross the threshold—not one step.

"There are invisible bars I cannot break,
There are invisible doors that shut me in.
When Death the Healer, shall have touched our eyes.
With moist clay of the grave, then shall we see
The truth as we have never yet beheld it!
But he that overcometh shall not be
Hurt of the second death."

In another scene young Endicott beholds her scourged, stripped to the waist, through Boston streets, and cries out:

"O shame, shame, shame!
See where she comes amid a gaping crowd;
And she a child. O, pitiful! pitiful!
There's blood upon her clothes, her hands, her feet.

Edith. Here let me rest one moment, I am tired,
I am athirst. Will no one give me water?
Endicott (breaking through the throng, gives her water).
In the Lord's name.
Edith. In His name I receive it.
Sweet as the water of Samaria's well
This water tastes. It is granted me
To seal my testimony with my blood.
Christison (her father, calling from the prison window).
Be of good courage, O my child! my child;
Blessed art thou when men shall persecute thee,
Fear not their faces, saith the Lord, fear not
For I am with thee to deliver thee.
Remember
Him who was scourged, and mocked, and crucified!
I see His messengers attending thee,
Be steadfast, O be steadfast to the end."

The Quaker poet, Whittier, has also grandly sung the honours of his persecuted sect in many of his noblest poems.

everywhere but in Roger Williams' colony of Rhode Island, and Penn's province of Pennsylvania, the same persecutions followed them.

In 1650, the town of Boston was thrown into consternation by the arrival of two Quaker women. After solemn fasting and prayer the women were arrested, their books burned, and themselves shipped back to England. One of them felt that she had a message from God to the Sultan, and proceeded, unattended, to Adrianople to deliver it. The Turks thought her crazed, and "she passed through their army without hurt or scoff." By the Puritans she would probably have been hanged.

Notwithstanding all interdict, "the accursed sect" continued to arrive in New England. They were imprisoned; fined £5 for speaking in a Quakers' meeting; whipped—even women; their ears were slit or cut off, and they were menaced with boring of the tongue by a hot iron, and with death. Nor was this an idle threat. Four Quakers—one a woman—were hanged on Boston Common. "I die for Christ," said one of them. "We suffer not as evil-doers, but for conscience' sake," said another. "Let me die with my brethren," said Mary Dyar; "the will of God be done;" and she went to the scaffold "full of joy."

"God can raise up ten of his servants in my place," was the prophetic utterance of another; and like the Israelites in Egypt, the more they were afflicted the more they multiplied and grew.

The Quakers probably were never more than two hundred thousand in number. But no community has given more noble philanthropists to the world. With a passionate charity they have sought out the suffering and the sorrowing, in prisons, in hospitals, in the lairs of sickness and vice, and have ministered to their necessities. They have been the benefactors of the criminal and slave. They have borne their testimony against war and slavery and oppression. The purity of their patience under persecution, their zeal for the welfare of the race, have won the commendation of even their enemies. They have ever been foremost in promoting that religious toleration and charity of opinion which the world has been so slow to learn. The quietism of their religious belief, the unworldliness of their lives, and the simplicity of their worship and attire are elements which could ill be spared amid the feverish unrest and ostentation of so much of modern life.

IN THE GLAD HEREAFTER.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Instead of the raging tempest,
A hush of happy calm;
Instead of the voice of mourning,
Sound of the Angels' psalm.

Instead of a day that waneth,
Dawn of undying light;
Instead of perplexing questions,
God's revelations bright.

Instead of a stony footpath,
The Great King's smooth highway;

Instead of a weary spirit,
A soul at rest for aye.

Instead of upheaving oceans,
The placid crystal sea;
Instead of earth's jar and tumult,
Heaven's sweet serenity.

Instead of these fleeting blossoms,
Flowers that immortal bloom;—
And instead of this dark death-shadow,
The glory beyond the tomb!

Toronto.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON.

BY WILLIAM DURBAN.

IT is, as a seventeenth - century lord remarked of Lady Mary Wortley, a perfect education to know some people. One of these most edifying personalities is Dr. Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram, who has been appointed Bishop of the great See of London, at an age phenomenally youthful for the English prelacy.

The progress of what is specially understood in England by the expression, "Christian Socialism," is particularly marked by this preferment of the young Bishop of Stepney to the higher metropolitan position; for this famous clergyman is the leading representative of the school of dignitaries in the Anglican communion who have followed in the wake of Frederick Dennison Maurice, Charles Kingsley, and, to name the most illustrious of their lay coadjutors, John Ruskin. The brightest lights of this section of the clergy are Canon Scott Holland, of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the new Bishop. Mr. Winnington Ingram is the fourth of the English Bishops of our time to win the popular epithet of "The People's Bishop." The Celebrated Fraser, of Manchester; the manly and athletic Selwyn, first of New Zealand, and then of Lichfield; and the beloved Walsham How, of Bedford, and then of Wakefield, have each in turn gained the appellation. This latest Bishop of London, however, even more than any of these famous prelates has ingratiated himself in the esteem of the masses.

Dr. Ingram is being loaded with distinctive descriptive titles. He is the "King's First Bishop." He is par excellence, the "up-to-date Bishop." He is the "Bishop of the slums." He is an "omnibus Bishop." The poverty - stricken East-Enders delight specially to claim him as "our Bishop." Some admirers denominate him "the breezy Bishop." I have heard him entitled "the poor man's Bishop." Indeed, the catalogue of his designations threatens to become interminable. They form a splendid index to his many-sidedness.

The Bishop of London's biography may be briefly told, and his ecclesiastical position can be tersely enough defined. It is his relation to the great movements of the age which is most worthy of extended notice. Born of a clerical family, he is one of these hereditary priests who are very numerous in England. He is son of a Worcestershire vicar, and grandson, on the maternal side, of the noted Bishop Pepys, of Worcester. He belongs by every tie to a preaching race, and it is not wonderful that, of all his many great attributes, the homiletic faculty shines out the most brilliantly. A man who can rivet, Sunday after Sunday, a throng of five thousand in the vast nave of St. Paul's, thrilling one of the most cultured audiences in the world by successive peals of eloquence, in alternate declamation and argumentation, must be reckoned one of the great masters of pulpit logic and rhetoric. His career has been wonderfully rapid. He is an Oxonian graduate. and has done more than any living man besides to draw his grand university into the popular social current of modern progress.

He was for a short time curate

in the beautiful West of England, but soon removed to the most crowded scene of London life, being appointed rector of the teeming hive of poverty and toil called Bethnal Green. Here it was, in a sad, squalid parish, the living catacomb of the metropolis, that he learned to know the common people, to love them, and make himself the subject of sympathy, affection, and gratitude in a degree almost without precedent.

Accepting a cordial invitation to luncheon with the Bishop, I found him in his study waiting to give me his own spontaneous account of his life and work. No man I have ever known has seemed more pleased to gratify the legitimate curiosity of an admirer of his extraordinary career. But I at once detected in him that playful and innocent simplicity which was the main secret of the ineffable fascination of C. H. Spurgeon's personality. The same broad smile, the same frank flash of recognition of a visitor as a Christian friend and brother, the same instant outburst of fluent words expressing whatever thoughts happened to be uppermost, and the same conscious desire to pour out as much as possible lest others should come to interrupt the colloquy, mark this equally busy worker. No two men could be at once more alike and yet unlike.

Amen Court is so still and secluded that it might be imagined to be a hundred miles away from London, yet it is situated in the very heart of noisiest London, under the shadow of the most glorious of English cathedrals. The retreat of the busiest of all the prelates lies here, in the quaint but beautiful mediæval precincts of the ecclesiastical centre of English life. It is a bachelor's home, for the Bishop of London is unmarried. As I looked at him, I remembered how he was called to the bishopric of Stepney, in East London, only three years ago, and how that event happened only seventeen years after he was ordained a clergyman. I could see that, though only forty-three years of age, he looks even younger than that, so buoyant is the whole expression of personality conveyed by feature, gesture, and demeanour. Private intercourse shows him as a happy Christian, as witty as the venerable and evergreen Archbishop of Canterbury.

My part was to listen, and I soon found that the Bishop loves a good listener as much as did Dr. Johnson or Samuel Taylor Coleridge. He is a brilliant conversationalist, and the stream of beautiful talk is full of musical charm. Each question which punctuates the conversation sets gushing a new current. I wanted to know something from the Bishop himself of that great Oxford Movement of which he was the head and centre. This is, of course, something totally different from the Oxford Movement of which the world has heard so much for three-quarters of a century, which was initiated by Pusey, Manning, Newman, Faber, and Ward, and was religious, ecclesiastical, Anglican, ritualistic, and Romanizing.

The newer and infinitely more glorious Oxford Movement is social, philanthropic, industrial, economic, popular, plebeian, ameliorating, elevating, humanizing, and eminently religious. I knew things about Oxford House at the East End, but here I had approached the fountain-head of the stream of influence.

"I was only thirty, a very young parson," said the Bishop, "when I started the Oxford Settlement. It was very bold as an initiative on the part of one of the junior clergy like myself thus to invade the very citadel of 'Darkest London,' and, above all, to bring cultured and exclusive Oxford, with all its patrician and traditional conservatism,

into direct contact with the 'roughs,' the 'toughs,' and the 'Hooligans' of the submerged million. But when once Oxford House was inaugurated, it became the centre of enthusiastic interest. The present Prime Minister has from the beginning been a generous patron, both as a sympathizing friend of the movement and as a contributor to the funds. And Lord Salisbury's son, Lord Hugh Cecil, became one of the residents, and has been an occasional lecturer."

Though the Bishop did not say so, I felt that it was not surprising, in the light of these remarks, that Lord Salisbury had secured the King's assent to the appointment to the Metropolitan See of the man whom he had been for the last few years deservedly honouring by this kind of practical sympathy. I proceeded, at the first pause in his talk, to ask Dr. Ingram what were the chief difficulties which he had encountered in firmly establishing the Settlement.

"There was no difficulty so far as the University was concerned. I used to go down to Oxford occasionally to push the propaganda and to enlist new recruits. But the real obstacle was the spiritual inertia of the East Enders. I never realized before, nor did the young Oxonians, what the paganism of East London meant. It was the heathenism of absolute stolidity, of apparently heartless indifference, not of malignant hostility. I was appalled to discover that scarcely one in a thousand of the residuum ever crossed the threshold of any sanctuary."

"Was not much of your most effective work done in the shape of open-air preaching and lecturing?" I asked.

"Assuredly. Those Sunday lectures were memorable occasions. I became President of the Christian Evidence Society for East London, and threw myself actively into the task of counteracting the influence of secularist orators, who made Victoria Park their happy hunting-ground. The audiences were, naturally, almost entirely composed of working men. They came in great numbers. But the scene was often a very exciting one. Tremendous tussles went on, and I had to stand up to picked champions of infidelity. It was often my reward after a heated debate, while the hundreds of artizans and labourers watched and listened, with flushed faces and eager eyes, to hear the listeners shout, 'The parson has got the best of it!' But the reflex effect on the lay residents from Oxford was splendid. Young Oxford found a new gymnasium for intellectual and spiritual athletes in Victoria Park

"I often had to prepare my sermons on the top of an omnibus, to think out my speeches for important meetings in tram-cars, and to eat my luncheon in underground trains. I was sometimes astonished, as Suffragan Bishop of Stepney, to find how much my doings were being noticed, as if it were some novel thing for a Bishop to be engrossed with the welfare of the common people. For instance, after I had, in a speech, been alluding to my hurrying and scurrying, 'Punch' took up that speech of mine in the following vivacious style:

"THE SUFFERING BISHOP.

"From morning till evening, from evening till night,
I preach and I organize, lecture and write;
And all over London my gaitered legs fly—
Was ever a Bishop so busy as I?

"When writing my sermons the best of my work'll
Be done in the trains in the Underground Circle;
I can write one complete, with a fine peroration,
Between Charing Cross and the Mansion House Station.

"For luncheon I swallow a sandwich of ham,

As I rush up the steps of a Whitechapel tram;
Or with excellent appetite I will discuss
A halfpenny bun on a Waterloo 'bus.

"No table is snowy with damask for me;
My cloth is the apron that covers my knee.
No manservants serve and no kitchen-maids dish up
The frugal repast of this Suffragan Bishop."

Suddenly breaking off some of his remarks more particularly connected with the affairs of the Church of England in the East End of London, the Bishop exclaimed, as he hastily, with one of his customary jerky actions, pulled a worn note-book from his pocket, "Just look at this! This will tell you whether my life is still a busy one." Glancing at the little diary, I saw that every page was crowded with appointments for most of the hours of every day.

"How do you get through it all without breaking down?" was my natural query.

"Oh, well, I have never thought of breaking down, and have never been anywhere near that!" This rejoinder was uttered with a really merry little peal of laughter. "I simply do the next thing, and take all very quietly, and God helps me through," he went on. "But I must tell you that total abstinence and cycling have been the two sheet-anchors of my physiological immunity. During my Stepney bishopric I have gone off at seven every morning on my wheel to meet a 'Boys' Club' at Whitechapel, and have a spin before joining in at some breakfast to a lot of poor people. But there is a fearful amount of hard work to be done in that East London. Some of my summer holidays have had to be spent in wandering about England on begging expeditions 'cadging' for Bethnal Green. The rich in this country do not know how the poor live and suffer and die; and some of us have had to toil tremendously to make them understand. In 1896 I went touring through Worcestershire, my native county, and held a series of garden meetings at parties in the chief houses. The result was that a Worcestershire Association was founded for the help of the metropolitan poverty.

"I have found," testified the Bishop, "that isolation of one class from another is the root of all the social evils. Contact with the neglected people and the lapsed masses was the method of Christ's reclamation of the lost. It is the only method that can succeed now. Accordingly, while I was rector of Bethnal Green, I not only went about the slums, but also got the people to come about me. Every Saturday afternoon during the summer we had a delightful garden-party at the rectory. The best of this weekly event was that it drew chiefly those of the working people who belonged to the non-church-going mass. Once the Oxford House residents took a religious census of the district, and found that the proportion of church-goers was one to eighty, while out of a thousand boys, nine hundred had the letters 'G. N.' (goes nowhere) written against their names."

I found that one of the present subjects all-engrossing to the ardent soul of the Bishop was that of London Hooliganism. The word Hooligan is a mystery to most people, as far as its derivation is concerned. Its origin is simple enough. Some years ago three brothers named Hooligan were nightly performers at a low London music-hall, where their vulgar exhibitions used to excite uproarious and blasphemous hilarity on the part of the rough patrons of the amusements, who after a time came to be called after their mentors. Hooliganism is a very grave matter of concern in London, and it is being manfully tackled by the Bishop of London and a number of kindred spirits,

who are determined to leave the problem no longer in the hands of the police. Bishop Ingram plunged eagerly into this topic. "We are going to raise a great sum as time goes on," observed he, "and we shall start the fund at a projected meeting at the Mansion House, the Lord Mayor presiding. There is only one way to deal with Hooligans. My experience with the class from which they spring has taught me that there must be a network of clubs on purpose for the youths, and great sacrifices must be generously made to provide every sort of rational inducement both for instruction and recreation."

It is a magnificent stimulus to philanthropists to feel conscious that the Bishop of London is ready and competent to be their foremost leader; that the common people have full confidence in him as their true and tried friend; that he has the ear of the highest as well as the lowest; that he is as welcome in the palace and the castle as in the slum and the garret; and that he is one of the finest preachers of the age. Indeed, he is one of the very few who are called the "preaching Bishops." To listen to him is to come under a magic spell.—The Independent.

AS A REFINER'S FIRE.

BY KATE ANDERSON.

II.

ONE glorious spring day, about seven years after the opening of this story, Dr. Hamilton was requested by the prison hospital surgeon, who was a fellow-lecturer at the college to accompany him to the bedside of a dying man, whose case he had found professionally interesting. During the half-hour he spent at the poor creature's bedside his attention was drawn to one of the orderlies—himself, as denoted by his garb, a prisoner. He assisted the medical men at the bedside, and displayed an exceptional skill and knowledge of his craft. He was, moreover, addressed by all the patients as "Doc," and Robert judged that the young man had been a medical student in his day. At the close of the conference, Dr. Monroe beckoned the orderly to his side and said:

"Old fellow, forgive me this time, I don't often run against your bumps, but I want you to know Dr. Hamilton, the Dr. Hamilton. Hamilton, this is my friend and colleague, Dr. Belfast. I want you two to get acquainted—ta-ta,"—and the excellent medico hustled off to the superintendent with his report.

Dr. Hamilton found himself possessed by a strange delight in the personality thus encountered. They conversed for some twenty minutes, and Robert was fairly carried off his feet by a magic, whose fascinating, brilliant, boyishly-winning persuasiveness enthralled him, while his eyes feasted on the most perfect type of manly beauty it had ever been his lot to behold. Although boyishly slender, Belfast's proportions were faultless, his every movement the embodiment of manly grace; his noblypoised head bespoke an uncommon intellect, and the olive-tinted features were flawless in every line, while the great, dark, melancholy eyes could be wells of brilliancy and expression. His dignity was yet such, though his manner and conversation were easy and elegant, that Robert felt no man dare take a liberty with him.

He left the stuffy little office half-intoxicated, as it were, and straightway sought out Monroe.

"Who—what is he?" he demanded.

"Come under the spell?" laughed Dr. Monroe. "Remarkable personality, eh?—almost mesmeric. Well, Belfast, as I have been at some pains to learn, has been what you might call an infant prodigy. He is a Canadian, a Montreal boy. Used to carry everything before him at the preparatory

schools, and matriculated at fifteen. Before he was twenty he was a B.A., with honours from McGill, and graduated in medicine at about the same age you entered Ann Arbor, and before I left Canada. Walked the foreign hospitals three years, and came back chuck-full of the know-how. Came to Michigan, and settled up here in G——, and in six months had run the other two doc's out of town. Left 'em simply nothing to do. Perhaps you may recall the Emma Reeves' case? You'd be a student then, I daresay. It was quite notorious. That double-dyed villain, Peterson, had the case, and when he found his patient dying on his hands, he sent, post-haste, for Belfast, who came, innocently enough, to the poor creature's lodgings. Peterson skipped out of town on an excuse to see some dying relation, and left Belfast in charge, who stayed with her until she died, and was arrested next morning, a gang of enraged relatives hounding on the authorities. You remember the rest, the case looked black. Belfast was a comparative stranger, a Canadian; he had no witnesses, no friends—folks dead. Girl seen to go to his office day before. Seems he had refused then to take the case, but, of course, he couldn't prove it. Got sent up for ten years, but gets out in six months, if he's alive then."

"If he's alive!" repeated Robert.

"Lungs," was the terse reply; "and nervous organism too fine-strung. Could never have believed he'd have held out so long. I—I love that boy, Doctor."

Dr. Hamilton was deeply moved by his warm-hearted friend's recital, and feeling an unwonted interest in Belfast's sad story, sought out the gaol governor, an old acquaintance, on ostensibly another errand than the real one, i.e., to learn more of Dr. Belfast.

He found Mr. Novella in his private office, a long, gloomy apartment, opening off a corridor, and commanding at the one end a view of the prison coal-yard. They had soon entered into a full tide of conversation concerning Arthur Belfast, and the unhappy check to his brilliant career, and Robert soon gathered that the superintendent shared the surgeon's conviction of the young man's innocence.

"While, of course," remarked Mr. Novella, "I would not speak of this to most persons, at least in mentioning it to you, I am not breaking confidence. Belfast has only been kept alive, at least kept sane through his misery and humiliation, by the love and fidelity, I might say, by the angelic guardianship of his betrothed, a Canadian girl, of whose character and attractions I could not speak too highly."

"We have a little arrangement," and Mr. Novella's kind eyes twinkled, "by which I require Belfast's aid once a week with some accounts, and if you wait a few minutes longer, you will also see the 'angel.'"

In a few moments Belfast entered by the end door, and seated himself facing the window before a pile of papers at the secretary. Presently a light step sounded, and the prisoner sprang from his seat to the door, and a moment later, the slanting ray of the late afternoon sun fell full upon the upturned face, eloquent with pity, illuminate with love, of Alice Magee.

Oblivious of other presences, they stood facing the window, their arms intertwined, their faces close together.

Hamilton leaned towards his friend and whispered:

"Can you get me out of here? I recognize the lady, and do not wish to cause her embarrassment."

The governor rose and indicated a door to his left, through which Robert passed, and beckoned to a sentry to escort him to the outer entrance.

And so—this was her story. He found it was only now, after all these years, that he fully realized the utter hopelessness of his first and only love. He seemed to see before him the gray years lengthening, and already felt a slow chill, as of age, creeping about his heart.

Mechanically he wended his way to his hotel, mechanically ate his dinner, received his evening callers, answered two night summons, dropped asleep on his couch for an hour, awoke, and made out his ward reports, ate his breakfast, received more callers, drove to the college to deliver an automatic lecture, and so on, and so on, as it seemed to him, in an endless monotony.

And all the time haunted by the great melancholy eyes of a boy captive.

But he did not go back to the prison until nearly two months after, when he was asked to do so by Monroe.

"Arthur has asked about you more than once. I fear he can't last much longer, poor fellow; but some of us

have been working it up, and we hope to have him out before long."

Hamilton put on his hat, and the two men stepped into Dr. Monroe's buggy.

This time the prisoner was in his cell. On the wall were books, and such periodicals as were allowed—roses everywhere, and potted plants. A fruit-stand displayed a tempting array. In short, every comfort that thought could devise and prison discipline could allow, was evident.

Belfast arose from his couch, and once more the elder man felt drawn under the spell of a magic presence. He caught the slender enervated hand in his robust grasp, and spoke as tenderly as to one of his little patients.

"Dear boy, I have thought of you constantly. How has it been with you ?"

They talked together for nearly four hours—or, rather, Robert listened entranced to the musical voice, so sad, so eager in its wistful, boyish cadences, and his heart ached with pity for the anguish betrayed—not uttered—in every sentence.

Presently he found himself listening to Arthur Belfast's love-story—a story the like of which he had scarcely ever known.

"I know so little," spoke the sad voice, "but can only feebly imagine, at rare times, what these years have been to her. But, Doctor, she has saved what remnants of reason are left to me, and has been the instrument, through my Redeemer's grace, of lifting my castaway soul out of the mire of unbelief and bitter rebellion. And never, in all these years, has she voluntarily missed a single opportunity of visiting me, writing to me, supplying me with reading and comforts, and inventing courses of conduct or study which she divines would benefit my mind and body, and lessen the rigours of my lot. She is very highly accomplished, a thorough linguist, and talented musician. She is a governess, as I told you, and is much attached to the family with which she has lived for nearly seven years. When impossible to be with me, she devotes her leisure to teaching outside pupils, giving music lessons, embroidering for the shops, selling water-colours, etc. It has taken years and diplomacy for me to learn all this, and she doesn't think I know so much."

Belfast broke down, and shading his great, swimming eyes, faltered, "Oh, Doc, you are a man, and she told me, who ought to be another man, that she has saved nearly $3,000 out of her generous salary and pupil money, for us when I get out."

This was Monday. When Hamilton left the cell he immediately rejoined his friend, Monroe.

"Did you say that steps were being taken to have Belfast liberated?" he asked.

"Yes; the matter has been brought before the authorities, and considerable influence is being used on his behalf. There is always a good deal of delay about these things, but I am confident that his release is only a matter of a few months, probably weeks."

"Monroe, it has got to be a matter of a few days, or even hours."

Dr. Monroe stared, but answered promptly :

"I'm with you there, Doc; but how are we to do it ?"

"Good old Monroe !" exclaimed the impetuous Southerner. "We'll do it, somehow, old chap. First, we'll have to find our balmy friend Peterson. There's the rub."

"That's easy," rejoined Monroe. "I see him often. He keeps a miserable little hole of an office in the worst part of Simmeny's Section, and looks half starved."

Robert stole a keen glance at Monroe's plain, good-humoured face.

"You met him, I presume, Monroe, in your peregrinations in the Alley, where you resort to sit up all night with squalling Italian kids, and drunken Irish women, who repay you with a mixed currency of abuse and blessings of the Virgin ? I daresay you are in the habit of lending our lean friend money ?"

Monroe looked as shamefaced and sheepish as if caught picking a pocket.

"I guess, old chap, if you'll escort me, we'll pay the Doctor a call."

Monroe complied without a word, and the two men were quickly on their way. Doctor Monroe could guess very well Robert's design, and well knowing his friend's dominant force of persuasion, and keen, clever tongue, half-hoped Peterson could be cowed or trapped into a confession by the determined spirit at his side. Monroe had unlimited faith in his friend's abilities to accomplish whatever he set his determination upon, but he knew Peterson pretty thoroughly, and was acquainted with his unscrupulous and desperate character. While on

the avenue he bade Robert wait an instant, and when he emerged from the gunsmith's he had entered, he felt better prepared for an emergency.

A slatternly and dirty-necked child admitted them to the dingy and ill-kempt room, which served as an apology for office and consulting room.

A gaunt, ill-clad figure sat with head dropped on his arms before a rickety table. It was some moments ere he raised his head after his visitors were announced.

He saluted Monroe with an exclamation expressing, if not exactly pleasure (his features were too drawn and haggard to relax thus much), at least relief and cordiality. He scarcely noticed Hamilton, acknowledging the introduction with a gesture and a grunt.

"How have things fared with you, Doctor?" asked Monroe, kindly.

The wretch broke into a volley of oaths and imprecations, in which he cursed God, cursed his luck, and anathematized men and things. He was evidently on the very verge of self-destruction, as betrayed by his incoherent and frenzied utterances.

Monroe stepped forward and touched the trembling man's shoulder. "Peterson," he said, gravely, "your case is indeed a desperate one, and I see only one way out of it. Will you kneel down with me?"

The man obeyed mechanically, and Robert followed suit.

Monroe prayed.

Ere that petition was ended, the angels of heaven must have surely wept, if angels weep with joy, for in that hour were two more souls added to the kingdom. In that hour the proud, successful man of breeding and letters, and the wretched outcast and criminal, met on a level before their God, and each together prayed as the publican of old, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And their prayers were answered, for mercy and forgiveness rained down from heaven above.

"L'homme propose, mais le Dieu depose." Robert had braced himself to attempt a stupendous, well-nigh impossible task, when, lo! in a manner and by a divine means he had wot not of, he had found his self-imposed difficulty removed, and his ends gained.

Two hours later he passed out under the midnight stars with Peterson's written confession folded next his breast, while the great-hearted Monroe remained behind to succour the broken and contrite penitent.

At an early hour on the Wednesday morning, a closed carriage, containing an elderly lady, drove up to the prison gates, and received a slender, tall form in a long ulster. The carriage was quickly driven to a handsome house on a north-end avenue, where alone in the flower-bowered drawing-rooms, a white-clad woman was concluding on her knees her term of eight years' waiting for this day.

They were married at noon in Central Chapel. The delighted Dorothy and her father had attended to all the details of an almost impromptu wedding, and nothing was to be left out to add to the dignity and joyousness of the nuptials. Alice's aunt had been telegraphed for, and had arrived just in time to herself go to the prison and accompany Alice's lover to his waiting bride-elect. Dolly was to be bridesmaid, and Dr. Monroe best man, and the only witnesses were to be the minister's wife, Mrs. Michael Magee, Mr. Novella, Dr. Hamilton, and the Beckets. But fate and the newspaper men ruled otherwise. When the bridal party arrived at the church, it was found to be packed with the elite of the city. The story of Peterson's confession had leaked out, together with a somewhat distorted version of the prisoner's love-story, and the life-romance of an obscure but impossibly-beauteous and super-angelic young seamstress (as the paper had it).

Our sweet and lovely Alice, standing with her beloved before God's altar, repeating the vows which made them one, was serenely unconscious that all morning the newsboys had vociferously announced her lover's sensational release, and her own love-story. And that, furthermore, the enterprising reporters had embellished the sheets with fearful and wonderful wood-cuts, purporting to be likenesses of herself and Arthur Belfast. I doubt if she would have heard, had they told her. But poor Mrs. Michael Magee, aristocratic old soul, did know, and fairly trembled with disgust and impotent rage at "the vile and vulgar Yankee crew." Poor Mrs. Magee was so overcome by this unfamiliar proof of Yankee enterprise that she had to take to her bed the next day, wnere she was tenderly nursed by Dorothy, who was rewarded by a pathetic and lurid recital of what

they would do to him in Montreal if they could catch an editor like that.

It may have been very vulgar, but the pushing and crowding to the altar, after the ceremony was over, to congratulate the happy bridegroom, and wish the blushing bride joy, was certainly hearty and kindly, and well meant by these votaries of avenue fashion. And when the bride left the altar it was to tread on roses scattered on the aisle by the little girls who had been her pupils in the German quarter. Even the newsboys cheered the party as they left the church, and threw rice after the carriage.

"It may seem like making terms with God," said Alice to her friend and almost sister, Mrs. Becket, in the last few moments she spent in the invalid's room before leaving to take the train for the far south, "but I have asked Him to allow me but one short year, only one year, to comfort Arthur ere He takes him to heaven. You know that for the last four years I have foreseen the inevitable, and God only knows how I have lived through the despair of knowing what the end of his anguish, of my waiting, was to be. But I had forced my mind to not dwell on the blackness, and blindly hoped that in His merciful goodness He would take me, too. But now my heart is uplifted, and I have a feeling that if my prayer is granted for ever so short a time, that I can reconcile myself to His will, and when all is over, pick up the broken threads, and begin a new life in His service, if He wills to have me live."

And God did grant Alice Belfast's petition, for her husband was spared to her love for more than two years before his arrested malady again gained ascendency over the frail clay, and he died with his head on her breast, one wild March morn, in the old Montreal mansion.

Mrs. Michael Magee, who had devoted herself to atoning to Alice for her former harshness to her orphaned niece, now fulfilled a mother's part to the stricken young widow, and had the consolation of knowing that Alice clung to her, and seemed to find balm in her loving offices. Within that same year, Mrs. Magee was herself called to "our lang hame," and Alice found herself peculiarly alone in the world.

The following spring found her with her splendid strength and health, which had never before failed her in all her trials and adversities, completely shattered. She was spending a few weeks with an old friend in Toronto, where she met Dr. Monroe, who had wisely enough returned to his native soil "to end his days," as he laughingly told Mrs. Belfast.

The doctor had prescribed a sea voyage for Alice, and she decided to make a visit to Ireland to see after some neglected little property there which she had inherited from her uncle at her aunt's death.

Four years later still found Alice in the "Ould Sod," where she had found her new responsibilities much more onerous and perplexing than she had anticipated. Irish questions are always cross-grained things. Alice had established quite a little emigration enterprise of her own, and had got several of her most troublesome tenants safely shipped off to farms of their own in the Canadian Northwest, had sold most of the holdings, and was arranging to lease the crazy old manor-house for a long term to some benevolent parties who were starting a sanitarium for indigent incurables. Her heart yearned towards her beautiful native land, and she longed to return to Canada. Although none were there of her own kin to bid her welcome home, she had an exile's homesickness to return to the city where lay, in Mount Royal cemetery, the graves of kin, and parents, sister, husband.

A beautiful surprise awaited her at the Montreal wharf, for she was met by the entire Becket family, and Dr. Monroe, who welcomed her vociferously.

"Why," cried Alice, the tears running down her cheeks with delight and emotion, as they packed her into the big sleigh, and tucked the robes about her, "I can't understand all this."

"Why, we're living here now!" cried the younger Beckets.

"And a jolly country this is, you can bet," said Russel.

"We're living in Toronto," piped up Dolly, in a very small voice.

Alice gazed stupidly at Dorothy.

"That's right, Mrs. Belfast; Dolly and I are rusticating at the place she mentions, east of Hamilton," explained Dr. Monroe.

"Oh!" said Alice.

"And the reason the rest of us are in Montreal," explained Mr. Becket, "is because, since the Wabash management took hold, we railroad chaps are being yanked around to the different ends of the earth."

"We never wrote to you, so's to surprise you," shouted Russel.

"And I'm here, because you were coming," whispered Doctor Hamilton in Alice's ear.

And when, a few weeks after, Doctor Hamilton sought Alice one bright winter day, in the old home which was now hers, and, assured her of his love and constancy, she did not bid him return to the far-off western practice he offered to give up for her sake.

"I am only glad my dear, dear friend," she whispered, "for a chance to devote the rest of my years in thanking you in the best way I can for what you have been to and done for—him—and me. I could love you well for that alone, but I love you for yourself, too."

The End.

THE LITTLE FAIR MAN.*

"THE CONFESSION OF ME, HARRY WEDDERBURN."

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

I, HARRY WEDDERBURN, of Black Craig of Dee, acknowledging the mercies of God, and repenting of my sins, set these things down in my own hand of write. Sorrow and shame are in my heart that my sun was so high in the heavens before I turned me from evil to seek after good.

I mind well that year, 1636, more than fifty years bygone, I being then in the twenty-second year of my age, a runagate castaway loon, without God and without hope in the world. My father had been in his day a douce, sober man, yet he could do little to restrain myself or my brother John, who was, they said, "ten waurs" than I. For there was a wild set in the Glen of Kells those days, Lidderdale of Slogarie, and Roaring Raif of Kirkchrist being enough to poison a parish. We four used to foregather to drink the dark out and the light in two or three times in the week at the changehouse of the Clachan. Elspeth Vogie keeped it, and no good name it got among those well affected to religion—aye, or Elspeth, either.

But these are vain thoughts, and I have had of a long season no pleasure in them. So at Elspeth's some half-dozen of us were drinking the hay-winning and the corn-shearing. For hairst was late that year, and the weather mostly backward and dour.

But we that were hand-fasted to sin and bonded to iniquity, young plants of wrath, ill-doers and forlorn of grace, cared as little for the backward year as we did for the sad state of Scotland and the strifes that were fast coming upon that land. So long as our pintstoop was filled and plack rattled on plack in the pouch, sorrow the crack of the thumb we care for harvest or sheep-shearing, King or bishop, Bible or incense pot.

To us sitting thus on the Sabbath morning (when it had better set us to have been sleeping in our naked beds) there came in one Rab Aitken of Auchengask, likeminded with us. Rab was seeking his "morning," or eye-opening draft of French brandy, and to us bleared and leaden-eyed roisterers he seemed to come upon us fresh as the dew on the whitethorn in the front of May. For he had a clean sark upon him, a lace ruffle about his neck, and his hair was still wet with the good well-water in which he had lately washen himself.

"Whither away, Rab?" we cried. "Is it to visit fair Meg o' the glen so early i' the mornin'?"

"He is on his way to the kirk!" cried another, chaffingly.

"If so, 'tis to stand all day on the

* From Crockett's "The Stickit Minister's Wooing and Other Stories." Toronto: Geo. N. Morang and Co. By permission of the Publisher.

stool of repentance," declared another. Then in the precentor's whining voice he added, "Robert Aitken, deleted and discerned to compear at both diets of worship for the heinous crime of—and so forth!" This was an excellent imitation of the official method of summoning a culprit to stand his rebuke. It was Patie Robb, of Ironmannoch, who said this. And he had had the best opportunities for perfecting himself in the exercise, having stood the session and received the open rebuke on three several occasions—two of them in one twelvemonth, which is counted a shame even among shameless men.

"No, Patie," said Rab, in answer, "I am indeed for the kirk, but on no siccan gowk's errand as takes you there twice in the year, my man. I go to hear the gospel preached. For there is to be a stranger frae the south shore at the Kirk of Kells this day, and they say he has a mighty power of words. And though ye scoff and make light o' me, I care not. I am neither kirk-goer nor kirk-lover, ye say. True, but there is a whisper in my heart that sends me there this day.

Then Roaring Ralph Pringle cried out, "Land, we will a' gang. I had news yestreen of this ploy. The new Bishop, good luck to him, has outed another of the high-flying, prating cushion-threshers. This man goes to Edinburgh to be tried before his betters. He is to preach in the Kells this very morn on the by-going, for the minister thereof is likeminded with himself. We will all gang, and if he gets a hearin' for his rebel's cant—why, lads, you are not the men I tak' you for!"

So they cried out, "Weel said, Roaring Raif," and got them ready to go as best they could. For some were red of face and some were ringed of eye, and all were touched with a kind of disgust for the roisterous spirit of the night. But a dabble in the chill water of the spring and a rub of the rough-spun towel brought us all to some decent presentableness. For youth easily recovers itself while it lasts, though in the latter end it pays for such things twice over.

We partook of such breakfast as we could manage, and that was no great thing after such a night. But we each drank down a stirrup-cup, and with various goodspeeds to Elspeth Vogie and her maid, we wan to horseback, and so down the strath to the Kirk of Kells.

We could see the folk come flocking from afar and near, from their mailings and 40-shilling lands, their farm towns and cothouses in half a dozen parishes.

"We are in luck's way, lads," cried Lidderdale, called Tentass Lidderdale, because he could drink that number of stoups of brandy neat; "it is a great gathering of the godly. Our shutting of this mare's mouth will make such a din as will be heard of through all Galloway."

And so it was to our shame and sorrow we made it up. We were to go the rounds of the meeting and gather together all the likely lads who would stand with us. There were sure to be plenty such who had no good-will to preachings. And with these in one place we could easily shut the mouth of the fanatic railer against law and order. For so in our ignorance and folly we called him. Because all this sort (such as myself was then) hated the very name of religion, and hoped to find things easier and better for them when the King should have his way, and when the Bishops would present none to parishes but what we called "good fellows"—by which we meant men as careless of principle as ourselves—loose-livers and oath-swearers, such as in truth they mostly were themselves.

But when we came that August morning to the Kirk of Kells, lo! there before us was outspread such a sight as my eyes never beheld. The kirk knowe was fairly black with folk. A little way off you could see them pouring inward in bands like the spokes of a wheel. Further off yet, little black dots straggled down hillsides, or up through glens, disentangling themselves from clumps of birches and scurry thorns, for all the world like the ants of the wise King gathering home from their travels.

Then we were very content, and made it our business to go among the gay young blades who had come for the excitement, or, as it might be, because all the pretty lasses of the countryside were sure to be there in their best. And with them we arranged that we should keep silence till the fanatic minister was well under way with his treasonable parles. Then we would rush in with our

swords drawn, carry him off down the steep and duck him for a traitorous loon in the loch beneath.

To this we all assented, and shook hands upon the pact. For we knew right sickerly what would be our fate if in the battle which was coming on the land Covenant men won the day. Perforce we must subscribe to deeds and engagements, attend kirks, lay aside gay colours, forswear all pleasant daffing. The clatter of the dice would be heard no more. The cartes themselves, the knowledge of which then made the gentleman, would be looked upon as "the deil's picture books." A good broad oath would mean a fine as broad. Instead of chanting loose catches, we would have to listen to sermons five hours long, and be whipped for all the little pleasing transgressions which made life worth living.

So "Hush," we said, "we will salt this man's kail for him. We will drill him, wand hand and working hand, so that he cannot stir. We will make him drink his fill of Kells loch this day!"

All this while we knew not so much as the name of the preacher, nor indeed cared. He came from the south; so much we knew, and he had a great repute for godliness and what the broad-bonnets called "faithfulness." Which, being interpreted, signified that he contemned the King and Bishops, and held to the old figments about doctrine, free grace, and the authority of the Holy Kirk.

The man had not arrived when we reached the Kirk of Kells. Indeed, it was not long before the hour of service when up the lochside we saw a cavalcade approach. Then we were angry. "For," we said, "this spoils our sport. These are doubtless soldiers of the King, who have been sent to put a stop to the meeting. We shall have no chance this day. Our coin is spun and fallen edgewise between the stones. Let us go home!"

But I said, "There may be some spirity work for all that, lads. Better bide and see!"

So they abode according to my word.

But when they came near we could see that these were no soldiers of the King, nor, indeed, any soldiers at all, though the men were all armed with whingers and pistols, and rode upon strong, slow-footed horses, like farmers going to market. There was a gentleman at the head of them, very tall and stout, whom Roaring Raif, in an undertone, pointed out as Gordon of Earlstoun, and in the midst, the centre of the company, a little fair man, shilpit and delicate, whom all deferred to, clad all in black like a minister.

He rode a long-tailed sheltie, like one well accustomed to the exercise, and bore about with him the die-stamp of a gentleman.

This was the preacher, and these were mostly his parishioners, come to convoy him through the dangerous and ill-affected districts to the great popish and prelatic city of Aberdeen, where, for the time being, he was to be interned.

Then Roaring Raif whispered among us that we had better have our swords easy in the sheaths and our pistols primed, for that these men in the hodden grey would certainly fight for their minister.

"Gordon of Cardoness is there also," he said, "a stout, angry carle. Beyond is Ugly Peter of Rusco, and that's Bailie Fullerton o' Kirkcudbright, the man wi' the wame and the bell-mouthed musket across his saddle-bow. There will be a rare tulzie, lads. We will let oot some true blue Covenant bluid this holy day!"

And when the Little Fair Man dismounted there was a rush of the folk and some delay. But we of the other faction kept in the back part and bided our time.

Then the Little Fair Man went up into the pulpit, which was a box on great broad, creaking, ungreased wheels, which they had brought out from the burial toolhouse as soon as they saw that the mighty concourse could in no wise be contained in the kirk—no, not so much as a tenth part of them!

Then there was a great hush which lasted at least a minute as the minister kneeled down with his head in his hands. Then at last he rose up and gave out the Psalm to be sung. It was the one about the Israelites hanging their harps on the trees of Babylon. And I mind that he prefaced it with several pithy sayings, which I remembered long afterward, though I paid little heed to them at the time. "This tree of Babylon is a strange plant," he said. "It grows only in the backsides of deserts, where Moses found it, or by Babel streams where men walk in sorrow and exile. It is an ever-burning

bush, yet no man ever saw the ashes of it."

Then the people sang with a great voice, far-swelling, triumphant, and the Little Fair Man led them in a kind of ecstasy. I do not mind much about his prayer. I was no judge of prayers in those days. All I cared about them was that they should not be too long and so keep me standing. But I can recall of him that he inclined his face all the time he was speaking toward the sky, as if Some One up there had been looking down at him. At that I looked, following the direction of his eyes, and so did several others, but could see nothing. But I think it was not so with the Little Fair Man.

Now, it was not till the sermon was well begun that we were to break in and "skail" the conventicle with our swords in our hands. I could hear Lidderdale behind me murmuring "how much longer were we to listen to this treason-monger ?"

"Let us give him five minutes by the watch, lads!" I said, "the same as a man hath that is to be hanged, before the topman turns him off. And after that I am with you."

Then Roaring Raif said in my ear, "We have them in the hollow of our hand. This will be a great day in the Kells. We will put the broadbonnets to rout, so that not one of them after this shall be able to show face upon the causeway of Dumfries. There are at least fifty staunch lads, good, honest, swearing blades, in and about the kirkyard of Kells this day!"

And according to my word we waited five minutes on the minister. He had that day a text that I will always mind, "God is our refuge and our strength," from the 46th Psalm—one that was ever afterward a great favourite with me.

And when at first he began, I thought not muckle about what he said, but of the great play and bloody fray that was before me. For we rejoiced in suchlike, and called it among ourselves a "blood-letting of the whey-faced knaves!"

Then the Little Fair Man began to warm to his work, and just when the five minutes drew on to their end, he was telling of a certain friend that he had, one that loved him and had been constantly with him for years—so that his married wife was not so near and dear. This friend had delivered him, he said, from perils of great waters, and from the edge of the sword. Yet he had put up with all the evil things he had done to him. Ofttimes he had cast this friend off and buffeted him, but even then he would not go away from him or leave him desolate.

So as I had never heard of such strange friendship, I was in a great sweat to find out who this Friend might be who could be so different from the comrades I knew, who drew their swords at a word, and gave buffet for buffet as quick as drawing a breath.

So I whispered again, "Give him another five minutes."

And I could hear them growl behind me, "What for are ye waitin'? Let the grey-breeks hae it noo!"

But since I was the strongest there, and in a manner the leader, they did not dare to counter me, fearing that I might give them "strength-o'-airm" as I did once in the vennel of Dumfries to Matthew Aird when he sothstood me in the matter of Bonny Betty Coupland, a rencontre which was little to my credit from any point of view.

And then the Little Fair Man threw himself into the rupture like a man going out of the body, and his voice sounded somehow uncanny and of the other world. For there was a "scratch" in it like the snow-wind along the naked trees of the wood at midnight. Yet it was not unpleasant, but only eerie and very affecting to the heart.

He told us how he had shamed and grieved his Friend, how he had oftentimes wounded Him sore, and once even crucified Him.

Then when he said that I knew what the man was driving at, and if I have been left to myself I would have fallen away and thought no more of the matter. But at that moment, with a sudden calm, there fell a hush over the people. They seemed to be waiting for something. Then the Little Fair Man leaned out of the pulpit and stretched his arm toward me, where I stood, like Saul, taller by a head than any about me.

"There is a great, strong young man there standing by the pillar that hitherto has used his strength for the service of the devil, but from this forward he shall use it for the Lord. Even now he is plotting mischief. He, too, hath wounded my Friend, even Jesus Christ, and smitten Him on the cheek-bone. But to-day

he shall stand in the breach and fight for Him. Young man, I bid you come forward!"

And with that he continued pointing at me with his finger a little crooked. At first I was angry, and could have made his chafts ring with my neive had I been near enough. But presently something uprose in my heart—great and terrible and melting all at once. I took a step forward. But my companions held me back. I could feel Lidderdale and Roaring Raif with each hand on a coat-tail.

"Harry," they said, "do not mind him—cry the word, and we will fall on and pull the wizard down by the heels."

"Come hither!" said the Little Fair Man again, in a voice of command; "come up hither, friend. Thou didst come to this place to do evil. But the Spirit hath thee now by the head, though well do I see that a pair of black deils have thee yet by the tail. Come hither, friend; resist not the Spirit!"

Then there arose a mighty flame in my heart, the like of which I never felt before. It was a gale of the Spirit—a breaking down of dams that imprisoned waters might flow free. And before I knew what I did I took my hand and dealt a buffet right and left, so that Roaring Raif roared amain. And as for Jock Lidderdale, I know not what became of him, for they carried him over the heads of the crowd and laid him under a tree to come to himself again.

"Thou shalt know a Friend today, young man," the minister said, when I came near. "Thou shalt be the first-fruits to the Lord in the Kells this day. There is to be a great ingathering of sheaves here, though some of them shall yet have bloody shocks. But thou, young sir, shalt be the first of all and shalt stand the longest!"

Then, on the outskirts of the crowd there arose a mighty turmoil. For all those that had been of my party made a rush forward, that they might rescue me from what they thought was rank witchcraft.

"Overturn! Overturn!" they cried. "Ding doon the wizard! He hath bewitched 'Strength-o'-Airm!' Fight, Harry, for thine own hand, and we will rescue thee!"

And so ardent was their onset that they had well-nigh opened a way to where the Little Fair Man stood, as unmoved and smiling as if he had been sitting in his own manse. So great became the crowd that the very preaching tent rocked. The men of the cavalcade drew their swords and met the assailants hand to hand. In another minute there had been bloodshed.

Then the Spirit of the Lord came upon me, and I shouted aloud:

"I am on the Little Man's side—and on the side of his Friend! Peace! Peace!"

And with that I laid about me as the Lord gave me strength, and I heard more than one sword snap and more than one head crack.

Then again I cried louder than before: "Let there be peace, and God help ye if ye come in Harry Wedderburn's road, all ye that are set on mischief!"

And oh! by means of the bier-pole a way was opened, a large and an effectual, before me, and like Samson I smote and smote and stayed not till I was weary. For none could stand against me, and such as could ran out to their horses. But the most part of them I, with my grave-pole, caused to remain, that they, too, might be turned to the Lord by the word of the preacher.

So they came back, and I bade the Little Fair Man preach to them while I kept guard. And at that he smiled and said: "Did I not say that thou shouldst be a soldier of God? Thine arm this day hath been an arm of flesh. But thou shalt also wield in thy time the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God!" And of a truth, there was a great work and an effectual that day in the Kells. For they say that more than fourscore turned them from their evil way, and many of these blessed me thereafter for the breaking of their heads—yea, even upon their dying beds.

Now, I have backslidden since that, but have not altogether fallen away or shamed my first love. And when the cavalcade rode away up the muir road, I heard them tell that the Little Fair Man who had called me out of my head folly was no other than the famous Mr. Samuel Rutherford, minister of Anworth, on his way to exile in Aberdeen for conscience' sake.

That these things are verity I vouch for with my soul. The truth is thus, neither less nor more. Which is the testimony of me, Harry Wedderburn, written in this year of grace and a freed Israel, 1689.

THE CHURCH OF THE MARTYRS AND APOLOGISTS.*

BY THE EDITOR.

PRINCIPAL RAINY'S work covers one of the most interesting period of history of the Christian Church, the period in which it was contending with paganism for the mastery of the world. It is a luminous survey of the broad field and a lucid exposition and discriminative analysis of the forces at work. It is in Dr. Rainy's clear, strong style, and is a valuable addition to the International Theological Library.

The story of the first four centuries of the Christian era will ever continue to be the most important and most interesting chapter in the history of the race. It was a grand transition period. Old things were passing away, and all things were becoming new. Paganism, like a rotten tree, was hollow at the heart and tottering to its fall. The world, weary with waiting for the healer of its woes, hailed with joy the divine Teacher who brought life and immortality to light. The new and world-agitating ideas of Christianity were everywhere renovating society. The old faiths were fading out of the firmament of human thought. The old gods were reeling on their thrones. It was the heroic period of the Christian Church. She was girding herself, like a noble athlete, for the conquest of mankind. She was engaged in deadly struggle with paganism for the possession of the race. On the side of the latter were all the resources of the empire—the victorious legions, the treasures of the East and West, the prestige of power and splendour, a vast hierarchy, an ancient and venerated national religion, and, most potent ally of all, the corruptions and lusts of the evil heart of man. To these Christianity opposed the omnipotence of its divine principles—its fervent love, its sublime virtue, its heroic self-sacrifice—and they proved victorious.

In this conflict both evil and good were brought into strongest relief and most striking contrast. Persecution was kindled to intensest rage against the new faith ; but Christianity nerved itself to suffer with a quietness of spirit all that the wrath of man was able to inflict. Nay, the hour of its sorest trial was that also of its noblest triumph. A moral Hercules even in its infancy, around its cradle were strewn the strangled serpents of heathen superstitions, vain philosophies, and pernicious heresies.

Ever since the revival of learning, this period has been the subject of exhaustive study by successive generations of critical scholars. It has been the battle-ground fought over, inch by inch, by orthodox and sceptical polemics. Its contemporary literature has been the armoury which has furnished weapons both for the attack and the defence of the truth. The names of Fabricius, Mosheim, Echard, Bingham, Cave, King, Jortin, Milner, Milman, Neander, Gieseler, Schaff, Killen, Lea, Pressense, Hurst, Merivale, Gibbon, Strauss, Baur, Renan, and Lecky, do not exhaust the list of those who have gleaned rich harvests in these oft-reaped fields. Our author will not suffer by comparison with even the chiefest of these great lights of literature ; and for perspicuity and elegance of style, skill in grouping, warmth of colouring, and picturesqueness of detail, he is scarce equalled by any of them.

"WRESTLERS OF GOD."

The world will never tire of the story of those heroic days of the Church's trial and triumph. Like a grand Homeric battle-scene, to use the figure of Baur (Die Epochen der kirchlichen Geschichtschreibung, p. 20), the conflict between the noble "wrestlers of God" and the hosts of paganism passes before us. But an incomparably loftier moral principle inspires the Christian champions than that of the Greek athletes. The Church, in an age of luxury and self-indulgence, may well revert to those days of fiery trial, and catch inspiration from the faith and zeal and lofty courage, unfaltering even in the agonies of death,

* "The Ancient Catholic Church." From the Accession of Trajan to the Fourth General Council (A.D. 98–451). By Robert Rainy, D.D. Edinburgh : T. & T. Clark. Toronto : William Briggs. Pp. xii–539. Price, $2.50 net.

of the primitive confessors and witnesses for God. Amid dense moral darkness they held aloft the torch of truth, and handed down from age to age the torn yet triumphant banner of the faith, dyed with their heart's best blood.

The noble words in which Tertullian flings down the gage of battle to the pagan foe still thrill the soul like the sound of a clarion : " We say, and before all men we say, and torn and bleeding under your tortures we cry out, ' We worship God through Christ.' . . . Rend us with your hooks, hang us on crosses, wrap us in flames, behead us with the sword, let loose wild beasts upon us, the very attitude of the Christian praying is a preparation for all punishment. . . . We conquer in dying, and are victorious when subdued. The flames are our victory robe and our triumphal car. . . . Kill us, torture us, condemn us, grind us to powder. The oftener you mow us down the more we grow. The martyrs' blood is the seed of the Church. When we are condemned by you we are acquitted by God " (Apologeticus, cc. 21, 30, 50). " You can kill us," says Justin Martyr, " but you cannot harm us " (Apol., i.).

Few of the early martyrdoms are of higher dramatic interest than that of the venerable Ignatius of Antioch. An eager multitude fills the vast Coliseum to see the frail old man, bowed with years of toil and worn with travel, " butchered to make a Roman holiday." The signal is given ; the dens are opened ; the fierce Numidian lions, famished with fasting, bound upon their prey, and a few fragments of scattered bones are soon all that remains of the martyr Bishop. His desire is fulfilled. " I am the wheat of God," he said, " and I shall be ground by the teeth of wild beasts, that I may become the pure bread of Christ " (Ep. ad Romanos, section 5).

From the crowded amphitheatre of Smyrna ascended, as in a chariot of fire, the soul of the apostolic Bishop Polycarp. The arrowy Rhone ran red with martyrs' blood. The names of the venerable Pothinus, of the youthful Blandina and Ponticus, and of the valiant Symphorianus, will be memories of thrilling power to the end of time. At Rome persecution selected some of its noblest victims. Justin, the Christian philosopher, finding in the Gospels a loftier lore than in the teaching of Zeno or Aristotle, or Pythagoras or Plato, became the foremost of the goodly phalanx of apologists and confessors of the faith, and sealed his testimony with his blood.

Still, with intervals of treacherous calm, persecution raged against the Christians ; and Paganism, in the death-throes of its moral agony, wreaked its wrath upon its hapless victims. " Non licet esse vos "—" It is not lawful for you to exist," was the stern edict of extirpation pronounced against them. But like the rosemary and thyme, which the more they are bruised give out the richer perfume, Christianity breathed forth the odours of sanctity which are fragrant in the world to-day. From the martyrs' blood, more prolific than the fabled dragon's teeth, new hosts of Christian heroes rose, contending for the martyrs' starry and unwithering crown.

Like the trump of jubilee, the edict of toleration pealed through the land. It penetrated the gloomy dungeon, the darksome mine, the catacomb's dim labyrinth ; and from their sombre depths vast processions of " noble wrestlers of religion " (Euseb., Eccl. Hist., ix. 1) thronged to the long-forsaken churches with grateful songs of praise to God.

Such lavish waste of life and wanton cruelty as the records of martyrdom narrate seem almost incredible ; but the pages of the contemporary historians give too minute and circumstantial accounts of the tortures of which they were eye-witnesses to allow us to adopt the complacent theory of Gibbon, that these sufferings were comparatively few and insignificant. " We ourselves have seen," says Eusebius, " crowds of persons, some beheaded, others burned alive, in a single day, so that the murderous weapons were blunted and broken to pieces, and the executioners, weary with slaughter, were obliged to give over the work of blood " (Ibid., viii. 9).

Men whose only crime was their love of God were scourged with iron wires, or with plumbatae, that is, chains laden with bronze balls, till their flesh hung in shreds, and even their bones were broken ; they were bound in chains of red-hot iron and roasted over fires so slow that they lingered for hours, or even days, in mortal agony ; the flesh was scraped from the very bone with ragged shells, or lacerated with burning pincers and ungulae, or horrid claws of iron, specimens of which have been found in the catacombs. Plates of red-hot brass and molten metal were

applied to the naked body, till it became one indistinguishable wound. Mingled salt and vinegar or unslaked lime were rubbed upon the quivering muscles, torn and bleeding from the rack and scourge. Men were condemned by the score and hundred to labour in the mines with the sinews of one leg severed, one eye scooped out, and the socket seared with a red-hot iron. Chaste matrons and tender virgins were given over to dens of shame, and subjected to nameless agonies too horrible for words to utter. And all these untold sufferings were endured, often with joy and exultation, for the love of a Divine Master, when a single word, a grain of incense cast upon the heathen altar, would have released the victims from their agonies. No lapse of time, and no recoil from the idolatrous homage paid in after ages to the martyr's relics, should impair in our hearts the profound and rational reverence with which we bend before his tomb.

THE PASSION FOR MARTYRDOM.

One of the most remarkable features of the ages of persecution was the enthusiasm for martyrdom that prevailed, at times almost like an epidemic. Age after age the soldiers of Christ rallied to the conflict, whose highest reward was the guerdon of death. They bound persecution as a wreath about their brows, and exulted in the "glorious infamy" of suffering for their Lord. The brand of shame became the badge of highest honour. Besides the joys of heaven, they won imperishable fame on earth; and the memory of a humble slave was often haloed with a glory surpassing that of a Curtius or Horatius. The meanest hind was ennobled by the accolade of martyrdom to the loftiest peerage of the skies. Impatient to obtain the prize, these candidates for death often pressed with eager haste to seize the palm of victory and the martyr's crown. They went to the stake as joyfully as to a marriage-feast. "Their fetters," says Eusebius, "seemed like the golden ornaments of a bride." Though weak in body, they seemed clothed with vicarious strength, and confident that, though "counted as sheep for the slaughter," naught could separate them from the love of Christ. Wrapped in the fiery vest and shroud of flame, they yet exulted in their glorious victory. While the leaden hail fell on the mangled frame, and the eyes filmed with the shadows of death, the spirit was entranced by the vision of the opening heaven, and above the roar of the ribald mob fell sweetly on the inner ear the assurance of eternal life.

This spirit of martyrdom was a new principle in society. It had no classical counterpart. Socrates and Seneca suffered with fortitude, but not with faith. The loftiest pagan philosophy shrinks abashed before the sublimity of Christian hope. This looks beyond the shadows of time and the cares of earth to the grandeur of the infinite and the eternal. The heroic deaths of the believers exhibited a spiritual power mightier than the primal instincts of nature—the love of wife or child, or even of life itself. Like a solemn voice falling on the dull ear of mankind, these holy examples urged the inquiry, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And that voice awakened an echo in full many a heart; the martyrs made more converts by their deaths than in their lives. "Who that sees our sufferings," says Tertullian, "is not excited to inquiring? Who that inquires does not embrace our faith?" (Apol., 50).

FATHERS OF THE FAITH.

Comparatively few, even of those who have the ability, have the time or opportunity to read the Fathers in the original. Yet without some acquaintance with their writings it is impossible to understand the spirit of the age in which they lived, the moral atmosphere of the times, and the social environment of that primitive Christianity to which they so largely gave the impress of their own character. There were, indeed, giants in the earth in those days—giants of evil as well as of good—men of renown in wickedness, prodigies of cruelty and vice, and men of colossal Christian character, who performed undying labours for God and Man. The battles for and against the truth were wars of the Titans; and in the massy works they left behind we have evidences of the prowess of the Christian champions. These were men of like passions with ourselves, often with a touch of human error or infirmity, which makes us feel their kinship to our souls.

Justin Martyr, an earnest seeker after God, is a type of the nobler

thought of the age in which he lived, turning from school to school, from teacher to teacher, till at the feet of Jesus he found that rest for his soul which neither the stern, cold doctrines of Zeno nor the sublime musings of Plato could impart. Like another Paul, he became a faithful confessor of Jesus ; and with apostolic zeal he proclaimed the new-found truth of the Gospel, even unto death. It was a fire in his soul that could not be repressed. "Every man who can bear witness to the truth," he exclaims, "and does it not, will be judged of God." When arraigned before the heathen prefect, he was asked if he expected to ascend to heaven when beheaded. "I know it: beyond all power of doubt, I know it," he replied, and went rejoicing to his fate.

The marvellous varicoloured life of Alexandria—a sort of newer Athens or older Paris—a city of blended luxury and learning, folly and philosophy, heathen vice and Christian virtue, is portrayed. We sit at the feet of Clement and Origen, the noble teachers of her Christian schools. With a lofty eclecticism they culled the fairest flowers from the garden of heathen philosophy, and distilled healing simples from its often poisonous fruit. They sifted the golden grains of truth and pearls of thought from the ancient religions of paganism to adorn the brow of Christianity. They recognized the grand conception, so nobly expressed by Milton, that as the Egyptian Typhon hewed in pieces the god Osiris, so the virgin form of Truth has been rent and scattered to the four winds of heaven. Hence, as Isis anxiously searched for the mangled body of Osiris, so the eager seekers after Truth must gather mangled limb by limb wherever they can find them ("Plea for Unlicensed Printing").

Origen, the heroic son of a martyred sire, fought valiantly, by tongue and pen, the battles of the faith, and won at last the martyr's crown. To the zeal of Paul he united the tenderness of John. His whole life was a perfumed altar-fire of love,* never dimmed by obloquy, nor fanned into flames of hate by opposition or persecution, but glowing brighter and brighter till his frail and emaciated body was consumed.

In striking contrast with this noble magnanimity is the fiery and intolerant zeal of Tertullian, the greatest of the Western Fathers. He beams not with the calm, mild light of Hesper on the brow of eve, like Origen, but burns like a blazing meteor, presaging wrath to man. The fervid heat of his native African skies seems transfused into his veins. Born in the midst of the corrupt and semi-barbaric civilization of Carthage, and trained in the literary jugglery of the times, he became an adept at once in Carthaginian vice and in the florid eloquence of the decaying empire. His energy of character made him as pre-eminent in wicked indulgences as he afterward became in rigorous asceticism.

The burning intensity of his convictions often leads Tertullian to excessive vehemence of expression. He does not recognize, like the philosophic Clement or Origen, the soul of goodness in things evil, but overwhelms with vituperation and invective every thing connected with paganism. He exults in the anticipation of the near approach of the day of wrath, which should consume the wicked as stubble; nay, he himself would fain call down fire from heaven to destroy them.

Yet, conscious of his mental infirmity, he exclaims, "Me miserable, ever sick with hot impatience! I am like the sick who laud the blessings of the health they lack." In his tract on Prayer he breathes out the yearnings of his soul for God. "How daring it is," he exclaims, "to pass one day without praying!" He recognizes the providence of God as numbering even the bristles of the swine, as well as the hairs of his children. He beautifully portrays the conjugal felicity, in prayer and praise and loving fellowship, of the Christian husband and wife ; yet even this is tinged with stern asceticism. In violation of the parental instinct of the human soul, he deprecates the "bitter, bitter pleasure of children"* on account of the troubles that they bring. He inveighs against all female adorning as the funeral pomp of the soul ; and especially denounces the wearing the hair of others, "the slough, perhaps, of some guilty wretch now in hell."

ANCIENT APOLOGISTS.

His apology for the Christians is rather a haughty defiance of paganism.

* "Love," he says over and over, "is an agony, a passion: *caritas est passio.*"

* Librorum amarissima voluptate. *Ad ux.* v.

He returns scorn for scorn, and fiery invective for reproach. But it is especially in controversy with heretics, whose pernicious doctrines, he asserts, destroy the soul as fever the body, that his fierce intolerance is exhibited. In later days he would have been a Torquemada or St. Dominic. He can find no language intense enough to brand the heretic Marcian, against whom his largest treatise is written—"a man," he says, "more savage than the Scythian, more inhuman than the Massagetae, fiercer than the whirlwind, more gloomy than the thunder-cloud, colder than winter, more rugged than Caucasus" (Adv. Marc. 1). "Tertullian," says Pressense, "is like a turbid mountain torrent, Origen like a full, majestic river. The words of the latter flash like lightning, those of the former roll like thunder. The one discourses like a philosopher, the other harangues like a popular tribune."

The character of Cyprian, the martyr Bishop of Carthage, seems cold and colourless beside that of Tertullian. Calm, mild, prudent, led by judgment rather than by feeling, he is the very antithesis of the latter. During the Decian persecution he retired to a place of safety, that he might by his counsels guide the persecuted flock of Christ. That fidelity, not fear, was his motive, he showed by his heroic martyrdom when he felt that God's time had come. "The Emperors command thee to sacrifice," said the prefect. "I shall not obey," he replied, "fulfil your orders; in such a cause there needs no deliberation"; and he went rejoicing to his death.

We can only briefly notice the closing section of the book—a comprehensive survey of the attack and defence of Christianity in the domain of controversy. The various schools of philosophy—"Impious Epicureanism, proud Platonism, Oriental philosophy, and the subtle and mystical Pantheism of Alexandria, each in turn battered on the breach." All the conservative elements of society feared those subversive principles which threatened to undermine the worm-eaten fabric of ancient superstition. The haughty pagans resented the attempt of Christianity to solve the mysteries which so long had foiled the wisest of men. They met with sneering contempt or mocking laugh, like the Greeks on the Areopagus the doctrine of the resurrection.

Lucian, the scoffing atheist, mocked alike at Jove and Jesus. "Like all his class," says Pressense, "he was not satisfied with rooting out the seeds from the field; he carried away with them the fruitful soil. He destroyed not superstition only, but the very faculty of faith. The human soul, when he has breathed upon it, resembles a desolate region sown with salt. True, no more weeds appear, but utter barrenness reigns in their stead. There is one thing more deplorable than believing in error, and that is to believe in nothing; this is the essential error, the fundamental aberration of the soul, the invincible obstacle to truth." Although he assailed paganism, he was not the ally of Christianity. "The voice that prepares the way of the Lord," Pressense impressively remarks, "comes from the desert of conflict, not from the festal halls where wine-bibbers hold their impious revelry."

TRIUMPHS OF TRUTH.

In these attacks on Christianity the keen dialetical skill of the Greek intellect employed the very weapons which modern scepticism has refurbished for the same purpose. Most of the arguments of Baur, Strauss, Renan, and Colenso are to be found in Porphyry and Celsus. Then, as now, the fiercest battle waged around the great central truth of Christianity—the essential divinity of our Lord, who was held up to scorn by the heathen as a "crucified impostor." The philosophic theosophy of the East, appealing to the syncretism of the age, sought to substitute for the divine evangel of Christ the motley gospel of Apollonius of Tyana, a mere plagiarism of the character and work of Jesus. The Church itself was rent by numerous factions, schisms, and heresies:

> The clashing of creeds, and the strife
> Of the many beliefs that in vain
> Perplexed men's heart and brain—

till, in the Homoousion controversy, all Christendom was divide about a single diphthong.

Against these manifold attacks on the faith the primitive Fathers and Apologists valiantly contended. They solved for all time the many doubts and difficulties which audacious paganism in its last throes propounded. They followed heretical errors through all the dialectical winding of controversy, employing, for the most part,

the flexible and copious Greek language, which was the only existing vehicle adequate for the expression of the vast and complex ideas of Christianity. Thus the new wine of the Gospel flowed from that classic chalice which so long had poured libations to the gods. Yet, with rare exceptions, the fathers defended the faith against the heathen and heretics in the spirit of meekness and of love. They sought rather to persuade men by the Orphic melodies of truth, and to convince the erring judgment by argument, than, as in after evil days, to coerce by external authority, or to hurl anathemas against recusant heretics. Even the impetuous Tertullian reverences the inviolable dignity of the human conscience, and asserts the broad and noble principle of toleration which the heart of Christendom is so slow to learn. "It is," he says, "a fundamental human right that every man should worship according to his own convictions. It is no part of religion," he adds, "to compel religion. The saintly Origen, as gentle as Fenelon or Fletcher, was an illustrious example of a magnanimous Christian controversialist. Of a deceased heretic, whose works he felt it a duty to confute, he says, "I love him, because he is dead."

We rise from the study of the subject which this book so admirably treats with profounder conceptions than ever of the nobleness, the purity, the holy enthusiasm, the true sublimity of the Christianity of those early centuries of fiery trial and martyrdom. It seems beautifully symbolized in the legend of St. Agnes, the Roman maiden of sweet and tender beauty, wooed by a pagan prince, but, true to her espousal to her heavenly Bridegroom, rejecting with scorn his suit. She walked as in ecstatic vision, ever in her celestial Spouse's presence, and, even amid tortures, proved faithful to His love. But we are haunted with the prescience of the near approaching period when this spotless bride of heaven shall forget her espousal vows, and, yielding to the seductions of earthly love, be wedded with imperial power; from which unhallowed union shall be born the brood of corruptions and vices which shall in after time despoil the fair inheritance of Christ.

CONSOLATION.

BY THE REV. J. C. SPEER, D.D.

Gloomy days have crossed thy pathway—
Fierce the storms have raged around,
And the hand of sore affliction
Leaves a deep and painful wound:
But thy days shall all grow brighter,
And the dome of heaven's blue
Shall be filled with summer sunshine,
And the world shall smile anew.

On fresh graves shall bloom fair flowers
Where the clods lay wet and cold,
And the green of creeping grasses
Shall be fringed with gleaming gold,
Where hot tears fell fast and faster—
Where the sexton clove the sod—
There the heart shall sing with gladness
Thankful praises to our God.

Hope and trust amid thy sadness,
Sure there cometh brighter days,
When the long dark night of winter
Shall be changed to purple haze,
From the sod shall bloom the clover
Where the winter storms did fall,
And thy soul shall fill with sweetness
For the wormwood and the gall.

Up through toil and tribulation,
Battling 'midst the fiercest strife—
Levelled mountains, lifted valleys
Open ways to nobler life—
And the lame who follow after
Mark the path the sufferers trod,
Who, with garments touched with glory,
Found a resting-place with God.

Toronto.

The hardest, dullest life, if bared to light,
Would show strange dramas; and would have to own
Its roots, perhaps, lay deep, far out of sight,
In hopes and memories known to it alone.

THE STAGE-DRIVER'S STORY.

BY MARY B. SLEIGHT.

"HAT? Oh, that's old Squire Hone's place; at least, 'twas his once, and a mighty fine place it is, too," said "Captain Bob," the stage driver.

I was the only passenger, and as the day was fine I was sharing his seat for a better view of the country. We were just then passing a large, old-fashioned mansion standing well back from the road and surrounded with magnificent elms and maples. On the wide verandah two or three elderly women sat knitting and sewing, and the lawn was alive with children.

"Yes, it's a mighty nice old place," repeated the driver, "and it just does me good to see them youngsters frolicking on that grass plot. Hullo! there's the old Squire himself!" and he pointed with his whip handle to a shaggy-bearded old man who, with the help of a crutch, was hobbling down the steps. "Seems pretty badly broke up. And he used to be one o' the halest, heartiest men in Stantonville. I know I used to look up at him when I was a boy and think that the giants I'd read about couldn't have been much bigger. But the trouble with him was his inside make-up didn't fit the outside. It always seems to me when I see some o' them great gianty-lookin' men as if the Lord meant 'em to have hearts as big in proportion as their bodies, but they don't always: or if they were big once, they've got so badly shrivelled up, some of them, that I should think they'd wabble 'round like a dried kernel in a walnut shell.

"My uncle Ben used to go to school with the Squire when he was a youngster, and he says he was so mean that he wouldn't so much as give a fellow an apple core without makin' him pay back in chewin' gum, and when you see a boy so stingy as that you can most gen'ly tell about what sort of a man he's goin' to make. But he was an only son, and I s'pose that helped to spoil him. He had one sister, and when her husband died, leavin' her with two children and scarcely money enough to pay his funeral expenses, she begged her brother to let her come back to the old home; but she might as well have asked that big rock yonder to take pity on her. And 'twasn't long before the poor lady, not being used to hardships, broke down and died. Folks thought then that maybe he'd be shamed into doin' something for the two orphans, seein' they were his own nephews; and he was; he took 'em both out o' school, and 'prenticed 'em to a shoemaker. Generous, wasn't he? And he had but one child of his own, too, and she was a girl that would have been glad enough to have 'em for brothers. Her own mother was dead—as nice a woman as you'd care to meet; one o' your real ladies, with always a smile and a heartsome word for everybody; a good prayin' woman, too. Folks that knew her intimate use' to say that she was always prayin' for the Squire, and that sometimes she'd send a note askin' to have him prayed for in meetin'. She didn't give in his name, but everybody knew who it was. But prayin' for a man like Squire Hone always seems to me a waste o' breath. Anyway the poor lady died without seein' any good come of it, and 'twasn't more'n a year 'fore he was married again. The second wife was a good deal like himself, big and handsome, with no more heart than an oyster, and Annie, who was one o' them soft-eyed little things that always look as if they wanted a lot o' motherin', got to pinin' so that at last some of her mother's relatives over in Waterbury sent for her and kep' her till she was grown up. I remember as well as if 'twas yesterday the day she came back; I'd just begun drivin' the stage, and she was one o' my first passengers, a tall, slim-built girl, with a forehead like a baby's, and a look in her eyes that made you feel as if you wouldn't say a swear word before her no more'n you'd cut off your hand; and that's the kind o' girl that I like to have round when that off horse begins to get balky. Hi, there, Jerry! None o' your nonsense!" But the off horse was in a mulish mood, and there was a long break in the story.

"The Squire been sort o' ailin' that spring," said Captain Bob, when at last the balker was conquered, "and when Annie heard of it she hurried

home to see if she couldn't cheer him up. And he was mighty well pleased to have her there, for he and madam didn't get on any too well together; and no matter how mean a man is, he likes havin' somebody to coddle him all the same, 'specially when he's sick. But when he found out that she was gettin' letters from a young feller in Waterbury, and was expectin' some time or other to marry him, he was madder'n a March hare, and swore that if she didn't give him up he'd cut her off without a penny. But Annie didn't take that part of it much to heart, for the young man was pretty well-to-do, and as he wasn't through college they didn't feel in any hurry about marryin'. But as soon as he was ready to start out for himself he went right to her father, for he was a real, straightforward sort of a feller, and told him that he'd come to ask for Annie. For answer the Squire ordered him to go about his business and wait till he was sent for. But at that Annie braced up and said that she had given her promise to marry him as soon as he was through college, and seein' she was of age she thought it wouldn't be right for her to break her word.

"'Oh, marry him! Marry him!' stormed the old Squire, hard as a flint, 'but I warn you, not a cent will you get from me if you have to go to the poorhouse.' And Annie, feelin' that she wasn't beholden to her father in any way, seein' he'd let her live away from him so long, went back to Waterbury the next day, and was married at her aunt's.

"'Twasn't long after that that the madam died, and Annie, when she heard of it, though she had a snug little place of her own, begged her father to let her come home and keep house for him, she hated so to have him livin' there all by himself; but he wouldn't so much as let her step inside the door. That was—let me see—something like ten years ago, and for the next five years the Squire kep' right on, riding over everybody, and actin' as if he owned all creation.

"'Long about that time there was a craze in this part o' the country for investin' in minin' stock, and the Squire, though gen'ly a pretty shrewd business man, went into it hot and heavy. Fact, he was so greedy about it, he seemed to begrudge any one else havin' a chance. But all of a sudden the mine caved in, so to speak, and the Squire had a stroke o' paralysis that come mighty near making an end of him. And when they come to look into his affairs they found that his house and prutty much everything else that he owned had been mortgaged to raise money for the minin' stock.

"In the meantime his daughter had moved somewhere away out West, and there wasn't a soul to give the old miser a helpin' hand. But he'd had the sense to leave a few hundred dollars in the bank, and when the folks that held the mortgages shut down on him, his doctor took a room for him in a cheap lodgin'-house, and had him move into it. Seemed quite a comedown, but nobody pitied him very much.

"Well, to make a long story short, in the course of a year or two the county was voted a new poorhouse, and the Hone property being for sale, the committee concluded it'd be cheaper to buy that than to build. You see, there was about twenty acres of land, and not a neighbour within quarter of a mile. The Squire had another stroke when he heard what they were goin' to do with it, and his landlord, findin' that by the time the doctor's bill was paid he wouldn't have a dollar left, turned him over to the town. I dare say the selectmen were sorry to do it, but of course they had to treat him the same as the rest o' the town poor; and when he came to himself there he was in his old home under an overseer, and herded with paupers—some of 'em, too, that he himself had helped to make paupers by bein' so graspin' in his dealin's with 'em. And there he's likely to stay till he dies. Pretty hard lines, ain't it? But, when you come to think about it, seems nothin' more'n a just ret'ibution."

. . . . . .

Two years later I chanced to be passing over the same road with Captain Bob Moseley for driver.

"Say!" he cried, facing about as we came in sight of the Hone place, "'member my tellin' you 'bout the old Squire? Well, sir, there's been great doin's up there, and they say the old man's so changed that his own wife wouldn't know him. Seems his daughter 'long 'bout that time lost her husband, and when some of her friends wrote her what the old gentleman had come to she packed right up and hurried on East with her little girl and took a house down in the edge o' the village so's to be near him. Tell you what, the way some women in this world forgive helps a fellow to understand the forgivin'ness of the Lord.

"But she hadn't more'n got here when she was taken down with rheumatic fever, and not bein' able to go herself, she sent her little girl over to ask about the Squire. The old man was sittin' on one o' the benches there by the gateway, with his chin on his cane, when the little one come in, and he started as if he'd seen a ghost. They say she's the born image of her mother when she was her age, and she's named after her, too, and when her grandad called her Annie she run right to him and clumb on his knee and begun chatterin' as if she'd known him all her life. He's gen'ly rough as a bear with children, but they say he broke down at that and cried like a baby.

"Well, that little midget kep' comin' right along, bringin' flowers and jells and lovin' messages from her mother; and 'bout the first question she'd ask him would be, 'Have you said your prayers this mornin', grandpa?' And then she'd make him recite with her, 'Our Father.' And before folks knew what was goin' on the old Squire was converted. You know the Bible says, 'A little child shall lead 'em,' and it seems as if the Lord must have sent that little one there on purpose to bring him to repentance; at least, that's the way it looks to me. His daughter, soon as she was able to be up, wanted him to come live with her, but he was afraid he'd be a trouble and thought he'd better stay where he was. To be sure, he said, 'twas the poorhouse, but 'twas in the poorhouse that he'd found the way to heaven."

At this point the off horse began to balk, and it was several minutes before the Captain could go on.

"Queer," he remarked, as he settled back in his seat, "what ups and downs sometimes come to people. All of a sudden, one day, 'bout a year ago, the Squire had a letter sayin' that a new vein had been struck in the mine that he'd invested in, and that the stock had doubled in value. Seems he'd been smart enough to hold on to the paper, so he was once more a rich man; and the first thing he did was to deed twenty acres of land to the county and buy back his home. Then he had the house put in order from top to bottom, and to-day his daughter Annie and her little girl are livin' there with him, and the two nephews that he 'prenticed to a shoemaker are bein' fitted for college. Curious, wasn't it, how it all happened? Makes you think of old Nebuchadnezzar havin' to go down on his marrowbones, and then gettin' back his throne after he'd learned his lesson. Anyhow, the Squire's clothed and in his right mind at last, and I've come to the conclusion that his wife's prayers weren't wasted after all."

He had stopped to water his horses at the brook that ran babbling over the stones below the Squire's barn, and looking back I saw the old man walking under the maples, while swinging his hand as she danced beside him was the little granddaughter, with her sunbonnet on her arm and her bright hair tossing in the wind. Truly, "a little child shall lead them."—The Independent.

THE GLORY OF GOING ON.

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on and still to be.

The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seas of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

—*Tennyson.*

A CORONATION ODE.

BY BLISS CARMAN.

There are joy-bells over England, there are flags on London town;
There is bunting on the Channel, where the fleets go up and down;
  There are bonfires alight
  In the pageant of the night;
  There are bands that blare for splendour, and guns that speak for might;
For another King in England is coming to the crown,

As it was in Saxon Britain, and through the Normans' sway,
And with the mighty Tudors, so it must be to-day.
  For the English kings must hold
  From Alfred, great of old,
  From Sea-king and Crusader and Elizabeth the Bold,
And every free-born Commoner whose strength is England's stay.

They will take him up to Westminster, and set him in his place;
And Church and Lords and Commons will stand before his face;
  And hear him make reply,
  In the name of God Most High,
  To be their Faith's Defender, as it was in days gone by,
With the thousand years behind him and the glory of his race.

They will give him orb and sceptre, the chalice, spurs, and sword;
And vest him with the purple to kneel before his Lord;
  Then he will rise from prayer,
  In the ancient Minster there,
  And hear the world's four corners proclaim the troth they bear,
And cry "God save King Edward," and pledge the liegeman's word.

They will keep the old tradition that fills the world with fame;
They will hold by use and custom, and repeat the sounding name;
  And men a million strong
  Will give him shout and song,
  Where the trappings and the banners and the blazons move along,
Where the bells make din by day and by nights the rockets flame.

There'll be men of little learning and men of proven worth,
Of every caste and every creed, come up from all the earth,
  To watch him brave and fine,
  To speak of right divine—
  Plantagenet and Lancaster and Stuart in his line—
And bless the blameless memory of Her who gave him birth.

But who will stand before him, with simple words and few
And a knowledge of the morrow, and tell him straight and true,
  Not only by God's grace
  He comes unto his place,
  The sovereignty of office, the reverend pride of race,
But by their will who choose him as their fathers used to do?

By the touch of love that kindles the blood beneath the tan;
By the loyalty they bare him because he is a man
  Who has learned the modest way
  To serve and to obey,

* Notwithstanding the tragic event which changed a pæan of triumph almost to a dirge of woe, we feel impelled to reprint this soul-stirring poem from The Saturday Evening Post, of May 31st. It is gratifying to know that the author is a Canadian, a native of New Brunswick. Mr. Carman has already achieved fame by his many volumes of verse, but in this ode he has struck a higher note and one of more sustained power than in anything else that he has written. The New York Independent reprints it in large part and gives it unstinted praise. The Post is one of the oldest of existing papers, having been founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1728–174 years ago. The poem is accompanied by a fine engraving of the Royal Arms supported on either side by a mail-clad crusader and a present-day dragoon. Behind these are figures representing the many lands over which Britain holds sway, and successive periods of her history.—Ed.

Who never flinched from duty, nor faltered in fair-play;
For the world is held together by the link of code and clan.

Stand up, Sir, in your honour! They come from near and far,
Rajah and Chief and Councillor and Prince and Rasseldar,
From Canada and Ind
And the lands behind the wind,
Whose purpose none may question nor their decree rescind,
To name you King of England for the gentleman you are.

Premier and Peer and Senator, they come from far and near,
In kilted worn war-harness, in fez and jewelled gear,
In their proud fealty,
The New-World chivalry
From Melbourne and Toronto and the islands of the sea,
To render trust and tribute of all men hold most dear.

What people are these passing to the sound of pipe and drum;
In the garments of all nations, and singing as they come?
By the colour on the cheek,
By the accent when they speak,
They are foreign-born and alien, and their homes are far to seek;
But they all come up to England, when England calls them home.

And these who speak the English tongue not in the English way,
With the careless mien and temper self-assured, whose sons are they
By the larger, looser stride,
By the ampler ease and pride,
By the quicker catch at laughter and the outlook keener-eyed,
They were bred beneath the tent-cloth of a wider, whiter day.

From the rough red tides of Fundy where the ships go far inland,
To Kamloops where the hills are set as at a council grand;
From the waving Northern light
At the edge of polar night,
Where underneath the burnished stars the bitter trail is bright,
To the inland seas that sparkle where goodly orchards stand;

By prairie, swale, and barren, by jungle and lagoon,
Where endless palm-trees rustle and the creamy breakers croon,
By canyon, ford, and pass,
By desert and morass,
In snows like stinging lashes, on seas like burning glass,
By every land and water beneath the great lone moon;

Our fathers died for England at the outposts of the world;
Our mothers toiled for England where the settler's smoke upcurled;
By packet, steam, and rail,
By portage, trek, and trail,
They bore a thing called honour in hearts that did not quail,
Till the twelve great winds of heaven saw their scarlet sign unfurled.

And little did they leave us of fame or land or gold;
Yet they gave us great possessions in a heritage untold;
For they said, "Ye shall be clean,
Nor ever false nor mean,
For God and for your country and the honour of your Queen,
Till ye meet the death that waits you with your plighted faith unsold.

"We have fought the long, great battle of the liberty of man,
And only ask a goodly death uncraven in the van;
We have journeyed travel-worn
Through envy and through scorn,
But the faith that was within us we have stubbornly upborne,
For we saw the perfect structure behind the rough-hewn plan.

"We have toiled by land and river, we have laboured on the sea;
If our blindness made us blunder, our courage made us free.
We suffered or we throve,
We delved and fought and strove,
But born to the ideals of order, law, and love,
To our birthright we were loyal, and loyal shall ye be!"

O East they go and West they go, and never can they bide,
For the longing that is in them, and the whisper at their side!
They may 'stablish hearth and home,
But the sons will forth and roam,
As their fathers did before them, across the hollow foam,
Till strange lands lift to greet them at the edges of the tide.

They have visions of a country that sorrow never knew;
They have rumours of a region where the heart has naught to rue;
And never will they rest
Till they reach the fabled West,
That is charted, dim but certain, in the Volume of the Breast,
And for ever they are dreamers who make the dream come true.

In the North they are far forward, in the South they have begun,
The English of three continents who take their rule from none,
But follow on the gleam
Of an ancient, splendid dream,
That has manhood for its fabric, perfection for its theme—
With freedom for its morning-star, and knowledge for its sun.

And slowly, very slowly, the gorgeous dream grows bright,
Where rise the four Democracies of Anglo-Saxon might;
The Republic, fair, alone;
The Commonwealth new-grown;
The proud, reserved Dominion with a story of her own;
And One that shall emerge at length from travail, war, and blight.

O doubt not, wrong, oppression, and violence, and tears,
The ignorance and anguish and folly of the years,
Must pass and leave a mind
More sane, a soul more kind,
And the slow ages shall evolve a loftier mankind,
When over lust and carnage the great white peace appears.

For surely, very surely, will come the Prince of Peace
To still the shrieking shrapnel and bid the Maxims cease—
Not as invaders come
With gun-wheel and with drum,
But with the tranquil joyance of lovers going home
Through the scented summer twilight, when the spirit has release.

By sea and plain and mountain will spread the larger creed—
The love that knows no border, the bond that knows no breed;
For the little word of right
Must grow with truth and might,
Till monster-hearted Mammon and his sycophants take flight,
And vex the world no longer with rapine and with greed.

O England, little mother by the sleepless Northern tide,
Having bred so many nations to devotion, trust, and pride,
Very tenderly we turn
With willing hearts that yearn
Still to love you and defend you,—let the sons of men discern
Wherein your right and title, might and majesty reside.

O Sir, no empty rumour comes up the earth to-day
From the kindred and the peoples and the tribes a world away;
For they know the Law will hold
And be equal as of old,
With conscience never questioned and justice never sold,
And beneath the form and letter the spirit will have play.

When you hear the princely concourse take up the word and sing,
And the Abbey of our fathers with acclamations ring,
Know well that, true and free,
By the changeless heart's decree,
On all the winds of heaven and the currents of the sea
From the verges of the Empire will come, "God save the King!"

NATHAN HALE.*

THE SCULPTOR.

William Ordway Partridge, the sculptor of the colossal equestrian statue of General Grant, in Brooklyn, of the statue of Shakespeare in Lincoln Park, Chicago, and of many other memorials, is also the author of a number of books that reveal that idealizing faculty which marks the artist. The theme of "Nathan Hale" is the Revolutionary spy of that name, and the formal occasion of the book the coming erection on New Haven Green of Mr. Partridge's statue of Hale. As a contribution to American history, the book is of no mean value, despite the author's modest judgment of his work. The comparison of Hale and Andre has never been more fully or broadly discussed.

The story of Nathan Hale is a very sad one. He was a bright young American patriot who volunteered to enter the British lines in the garb of a schoolmaster as a spy, received personal instructions from Washington, was detected and hanged for his offence, but has been immortalized in song and story, and now is commemorated in imperishable bronze, and in this generously written tribute by the author-artist. The book contains also a comparison, by Cabot Lodge and George Cary Eggleston, of Hale with Major Andre, the British spy, who was executed by the Americans, but who is commemorated by a statue in Westminster Abbey. Strange that what from one point of view is the highest patriotism, from another

NATHAN HALE ON THE WAY TO THE SCAFFOLD.
By William Ordway Partridge, Sculptor.

* "Nathan Hale." The Ideal Patriot. A Study of Character, by William Ordway Partridge. With Views of the Author's Statue of Nathan Hale; portraits, etc., and drawings by W. R. Leigh. Foreword by George Cary Eggleston. 12mo. Cloth. Price, $1.00 net; postage, ten cents. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

is cause only for condign punishment. Let us hope and trust and pray for the time when wars shall cease unto the ends of the earth, when

"The warrior's trade shall be a trade abhorred,
And every nation that shall lift again
Its hand against its brother, on its forehead
Shall bear for evermore the brand of Cain."

The following fine poem by the poet-sculptor embodies the last words of Nathan Hale:

One hero dies,—a thousand new ones rise,
As flowers are sown where perfect blossoms fall,—
Then quite unknown,—the name of Hale now cries
Wherever duty sounds her silent call;

With head erect he moves, and stately pace,
To meet an awful doom,—no ribald jest
Brings scorn or hate to that exalted face;
His thoughts are far away, poised and at rest;

Now on the scaffold see him turn and bid
Farewell to home, and all his heart holds dear,
Majestic presence,—all man's weakness hid,
And all his strength in that one hour made clear,—
"I have one last regret,—that is to give
But one poor life, that my own land may live!"

* By courtesy of The Literary Digest.

Current Topics and Events.

The King's Illness.

Out of seeming evil God still educes good. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. The very acuteness of the disappointment and sorrow which have befallen the Empire calls forth a universal sympathy which the most triumphant coronation pageant would have failed to produce. Indeed, there were not wanting evidences of sub-acid criticism that irritated like pin-pricks. Our love and loyalty were travestied. We were accused of grovelling before a king, of man worshipping, and the like. Certainly, the British barons did not grovel before King John, or King Charles, or King James II. Their sturdy independence and valour won the tributes of all after time, and "made the bounds of freedom wider yet."

But such petty criticism was all swept away by the swelling tide of sympathy and sorrow from every land —especially from Germany, with which our royal house is united by such ties of kinship and blood; from France, the ancient enemy and most recent ally of Great Britain; from the United States, with whose national sorrows the British people have so often and so sincerely condoled. These kindred races by these common sorrows have been more closely drawn together than could be possible by any pomp of pageantry, by any woolings of diplomacy, by any formal alliance.

"God Save the King!"

Great as was the disappointment caused by the illness of the King, it nevertheless led to a deeper feeling of gratitude to God for our Sovereign's deliverance from a grave peril, for his being raised up from the very door of death, than if the coronation pageant had come off ever so successfully, with the greatest possible pomp and majesty. This menaced peril was a striking illustration of the fact that we walk continuously, even in our hours of greatest fancied security, on the very edge of imminent peril, of unseen yet possible tragedies. This thought should give us a realizing sense of the fact "on what a slender thread hang everlasting things!"

The sense of glad relief when the King was pronounced "out of danger" showed how deep a sense of suspense was felt throughout the Empire during the hour when King Edward's life hung in the balance. It revealed, too, a depth of love and loyalty, of which we had not before been conscious. With glad heart we thank God that the King's life has been precious in His sight. With earnest prayer we supplicate that he may reign in truth and righteousness, with a clearer vision of his high calling, with a keener sense of obligation to lean hard on God, by whom alone kings rule and princes decree justice. With one heart and mind, as never before, the many peoples of the far-flung Empire pray, "God save the King."

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.*

MONTHLY ISSUES OF NEWSPAPERS.
—*McClure's Magazine.*

A GAUGE OF INTELLIGENCE.

The circulation of newspapers is about as good a criterion of the intelligence and progress of a people as can be conceived. The McClure's Magazine, by means of a chart drawn to scale, indicates this in a very graphic manner. Spain, with a population of 17,000,000, circulates 11,000,000 copies per month. Russia, with a population of about 120,000,000, has only 12,000,000 copies per month, showing that Colossus of the north to be the most illiterate of all the great nations. Great Britain, with a population of 40,000,000, has a monthly circulation of 150,000,000, which makes her relatively stand at the very head of the whole world, with nearly four papers per week for every man, woman, and child. The United States, with a population of about 75,000,000, has only about three papers per head, and Germany a less number per head.

The times have changed since the father of Mary Read objected to her marrying Benjamin Franklin because there was already a paper published in Boston and another in Philadelphia, and he did not think there was room for a third.

Many persons express great alarm lest we shall be drowned in the flood of books which pour from the press, but these are as a rill compared with the tide of journals and papers that inundate the world. Mr. Dana computes that about 10,000,000 books are sold every year in the United States, but the 4,337,000,000 newspapers and periodicals contain as much material as two billion books as large as "David Harum;" that is, about two hundred times more matter is published in the newspapers than in book form.

Some of these papers are sensational or silly, some of them are venal or vile; but most of them perform an important service in educating the public mind, in moulding thought, in imparting useful information. The influence of a free press in a free State has been overwhelmingly for good. Watchful with more than the hundred eyes of Argus and strong with more than the hundred arms of Briareus, it has been vigilant in detecting wrong and bold and brave in resisting oppression. Like the infant Hercules strangling the serpents around his cradle, it grapples with the vices that menace the commonwealth.

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

It is of infinite importance that the Church of God should make wide and wise use of the press. Infidelity and vice have used it largely to destroy the foundations of the Christian faith or debauch the souls and bodies of the young and unwary. Voltaire and Paine and Ingersoll have endeavoured "to sap a solemn creed with solemn sneer;" and the spawn of the gutter press, like the frogs of Egypt, fill the houses and the bedchambers, not to say the beds and the ovens and kneading-troughs.

The Church has not been unmindful of the call of duty nor disobedient to the heavenly vision. Foremost in this wise use of printers' ink has been the Methodist Church. More than any other man John Wesley anticipated the cheap press, which has been such an incalculable benefit to mankind. "So far as we can ascertain," says Dr. Punshon, "the first man to write for the million, and to publish so cheaply as to make his works accessible, was John Wesley. Those who rejoice in the cheap press, in the cheap serial, in the science-made-easy, which, if he so choose, keep the working man of the present day abreast of the highest thought and culture of the age, ought never

* A part of this article was contributed by the Editor to the Jubilee number of the Northwestern Christian Advocate, Chicago.

to forget the deep debt of obligation which is owed to him who first ventured into what was then a hazardous and unprofitable field."

The Wesleyan Methodist Magazine which Wesley founded, now in its 125th year, is the oldest of the multitude of monthly periodicals of which it was the pioneer.

It was reserved to American Methodism, however, to make largest use of the religious press as the lever of more than Archimedean power, to elevate and bless the world. The host of "Advocates" and other periodicals which fly abroad on all the winds of heaven may well be likened to the mighty angel of the Apocalypse, "having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." And most efficient preachers of the truth they are. The galleries of their congregations are in the Rocky Mountains, the back seats are on the distant frontiers and in the isles of the sea. They go where the human voice cannot be heard—to the miner's cabin, the lumberman's shack, to the sod hut on the prairie, and the lone fisherman's hut.

Never were these ministers of grace so needed as to-day amid our crowded and hurried life, with its swift rush and hurly-burly, with its tide of secular thought, flooding even the Sabbath day with the enormous issue of Sunday papers. Thank God we are free from these as yet in Canada, and we hope will long remain so. Where they abound they prove the most deadly and dangerous enemies of the Christian Sabbath. They fill the mind with worldly topics and leave scant time or taste for religious thought or worship. All the more need for the still small voice of the religious paper to recall men to nobler ideals than money-grubbing or pleasure-seeking.

The present writer was brought up in a Methodist home, where the Sabbath was a sacred day. I said one day to my revered father, "Have you read Beecher's last sermon in the 'Independent?'" "No, my son," was the reply, "I began it, but thought it was not good Sunday reading." This was an extreme view, perhaps, but better learn to keep than to break the Sabbath—the bulwark of the Christian faith, the great barrier to the tide of worldliness which would drown out the highest interests of mankind.

BROAD GAUGE PAPERS.

With all the current breadth of liberality it is in the highest degree important that the religious press, without being narrow or sectarian, shall be frankly denominational. If it is not frankly so, it is pretty apt to be so anyway and to sail under false colours. It must have denominational leanings of some sort—unless its editor belongs to no denomination, in which case I doubt his right to pose as a religious teacher. There are indeed certain papers, especially certain Sunday-school papers, which are built on the broad gauge principle of being all things to all men. They have a column of religious teachings for Epworth League, Christian Endeavour, Baptist Union, and Westminster League; and if there be anything else that is likely to bring grist to their mill, they will adopt that, too—there is nothing narrow about them. But intelligent Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, and Baptists despise that kind of thing, even though it be a few cents cheaper, and maintain their own denominational literature.

There are also religious saffron journals, which run the secular yellow press a close run in being sensational and up-to-date—or a little ahead. Some of these make a specialty of castigating the churches for their many faults of omission and commission. One would infer from their pages that the churches were the main support of the bar-rooms and theatres and tobacco shops, from the way they contrast the sums paid for liquor and cigars and immoral plays compared with the meagre amounts paid for churches and missions—a mere trifle of only about a billion dollars a year. These papers are the curse of so-called religious journalism; they cultivate a spirit of wrath, malice, and all uncharitableness. "The lie that is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies."

The churches should stand for something—for definite ideas and positive convictions, for the principles of righteousness and truth, not for a nebulous cloud nor a clot of jelly. Their members should be able to give a reason for the hope that is in them, should understand the principles and polity of their own Church. It is impossible to be an intelligent Methodist, to be in touch with the many-sided operations of the Church, with its manifold benevolences, its far-

flung missions, its imperious problems demanding solution, without following the reports and discussions in the connexional press.

There is a good deal said about cheapening the religious paper so as to compete with the secular journals which derive large revenue from liquor, tobacco, theatrical and quack medicine advertisements. The policy is a mistaken one. Methodists don't want poor and cheap papers any more than they want poor and cheap food. The best is not too good. The better way is to improve the paper—to make it so good—mechanically, artistically, editorially—that intelligent Methodists cannot do without it, that they will open it eagerly to see what their own paper has to say this week on this and that and the other great question of the day.

We magnify the editor's office. Prince Henry conveyed to the members of the craft Kaiser Wilhelm's phrase, that a great editor was equal to a great general. He is more. He marshals thoughts not things, he employs ideas not swords, ballots not bullets. Carlyle says he is the prophet of these latter days. If he is not, he ought to be. He should have the vision and the faculty divine, he should discern the signs of the times, he should tell forth the truth that is in him without fear or favour, for the welfare of man and glory of God.

The Street-Car Strike.

It is cause for great regret that the fair fame of Toronto should be marred by the outbreak of violence attending the car strike. The acts of a few scores of hoodlums have brought disgrace on the entire city. The street railway employees were pledged to the observance of law and order, and seem, with scarce an exception, to have kept their pledge. But some of their indiscreet sympathizers, by their reckless destruction of property, did the cause of labour much harm.

There are always in every large community a number of foolish persons who are easily stirred up to excited feelings and deeds of violence. This is the material of which revolutions are made. In every great city there are volcanic elements which may flame forth in an outburst of insurrection. These must be suppressed at any cost. Law and order must be maintained. Turbulent and destructive mobs may not terrorize our cities. Surely the resources of civilization are not powerless in settling disputes between employers and employees. There should be a voluntary or compulsory board of arbitration and conciliation for the prevention of strikes, which are a sort of civil war—and not very civil either. The efforts of Messrs. Ames and Flavelle to settle the strike are worthy of all praise.

The worst feature of such strikes is the setting the masses against the classes—labour against capital. Their interests are not antagonistic but identical—"useless each without the other." The principles of the Gospel and the Golden Rule will yet unite mankind in bonds of blessed brotherhood.

The Temperance Situation.

We can only reiterate the opinion which we expressed two months ago, that the leader of the Ontario Government has lost the great chance of his life. If he had kept his pledges, made to the people of this Province, that he would give prohibition so far and so soon as it was in his power, we believe that he would have been in a far prouder position than he is to-day. We believe that the temperance voters would have been roused to enthusiasm, and would have won for him a victory at the polls such as he never had before. But thousands of them, we are informed, refused to vote for the man who had not implemented his pledges by acts. He remains in office indeed, but with depleted ranks, and in many cases with small majorities. The courageous part is always the wisest part. The people will respond to a moral issue as they will to nothing else.

It is to the credit of the Ontario Government that liquor licenses have been very greatly reduced in the last fifteen years; but the consumption of liquor has of late increased. The power of the drink trade has become concentrated, more dominant, more insolent. The thing now to be done, as Dr. Carman says, is to let bygones be bygones, to give the Government another chance, to pile up such a vote for the referendum, though taken at a time that greatly handicaps our efforts, as will show the Government that the temperance sentiment of the Province cannot be trifled with.

We hear continually the string harped upon that prohibition will not

prohibit. We don't suppose that any law will absolutely prohibit all violations of it. There are ten thousand homicides in the United States every year. Shall that country, therefore, abolish laws against murder? It will be of infinite value to place the liquor traffic under ban, to shut up the gilded saloons, to save our boys from their seductions, to prevent the treating habit, to give us at least the measure of prohibition which Maine has had for nearly fifty years, where Dr. Day and Dr. Crafts declare they grew up to manhood without ever seeing a saloon.

If we wait till the cities, the strongholds of the liquor traffic, and of the great moneyed institutions allied with it, vote for prohibition, we will wait a long time. Meanwhile, the drink trade, growing by that it feeds upon, would become the colossal obstacle to human progress that it is in the great cities of the United States, in Great Britain, and throughout continental Europe. There are difficulties in the way of any moral reform, but that is only ground for more strenuous effort, for more sacred resolve. We regret very much the defeat of that moral crusader, Mr. Marter, who has become a martyr to his principles, as well as in name, but we are assured by those who profess to know, that the personnel of the Ontario Legislature is strengthened from a temperance point of view, that there are among the newly-elected members a number who are known to be out-and-out friends of prohibition. The election, it is claimed, will have an influence in solidifying the prohibitionists for the referendum. Dr. Carman blows the bugle-call, and summons the temperance hosts to the great campaign in which we may pluck victory from the very jaws of seeming defeat.

Lord Kitchener has proved himself to be as able a diplomat and as wise a statesman as he was great as a soldier. He has won the respect, the confidence, the admiration of the Boers. Mr. Reitz, ex-Secretary of the Transvaal, declares they have no quarrel with Mr. Chamberlain or Lord Kitchener, but they are deeply incensed at Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. Stead, who professed such sympathy, but were merely playing them off for political purposes. The prophets of evil who predicted the implacable hate of the

LORD KITCHENER.
Who secured peace in South Africa.

Boers are put out of court by the cordial rapprochement between conquered and conquerors. DeWet declares that every burgher can win the heart of the new government, and is confident they will do so. England's generous policy is already reaping its reward.

THE ONE INHARMONIOUS NOTE.

ANGEL OF PEACE: "Come, Uncle Sam, stop chasing that Filipino boy, and join the choir!"
—The New York American and Journal.

If the above cartoon originated in an English paper we should hesitate to reproduce it, but when it appears in the New York Journal, we regard it as a sign of grace in that periodical.

Religious Intelligence.

AN EDUCATIONAL MODEL.

Lord Hugh: "There, father! that's the Church and that's the School, and there's a covered way from the School to the Church. You see, there are only two doors to the School-house, one the children go in by, and the other they come out by, and it leads right into the Church. Isn't it lovely?"

Lord S.: "Capital! but what's that objectionable building in the corner there?"

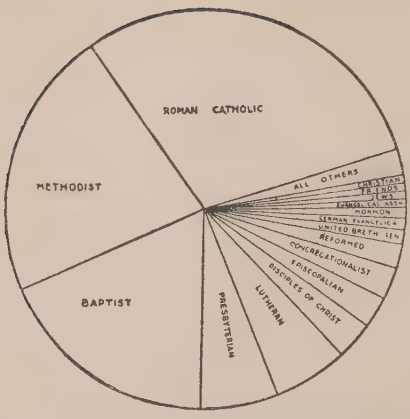
Lord Hugh: "Oh, that's the Chapel. It belongs to an opposite religion, as you once said; I've got Clifford and Price Hughes bottled up there. They're not half bad chaps, but they don't like it, for, you see, the children that go into the School can't get out into the Chapel, they MUST go into the Church."

Lord S. (admiringly): "What a clever boy you are, Hughie!"

Unjust School Bill.

Our cartoon gives a better idea than words of the school question in England, of which Dr. Dewart wrote such an illuminative article in a recent Guardian. The Nonconformist Churches in Britain are placed under very serious disabilities and injustice by the recent school bill, introduced by the Government. "The objections to the bill," says Dr. Dewart, "are mainly these: (1) That it provides for giving a large amount of the people's money to endow schools over which the people have no real control. (2) That it is taxing the people to pay into the hands of a rich Church a large sum for the propagation of its peculiar religious beliefs. (3) That Nonconformists, in common with Episcopalians, shall be taxed to pay for the teaching of dogmas which they believed to be false and unscriptural."

Price Hughes and Joseph Parker declared that they will go to gaol rather than pay the obnoxious school tax. Our British friends should learn how much better we manage these things in Canada.



A CIRCLE SHOWING THE RELATIVE NUMERICAL STRENGTH OF THE RELIGIOUS SECTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

The above striking diagram shows the splendid progress of Methodism in the United States. Compared with the Episcopalian, Lutheran, the Presbyterian, the Roman Catholic Churches, which trace their pedigree for centuries back, Methodism is almost of yesterday, but in numbers, in power, in influence, it has outrun them all, except the Roman Catholic Church. That Church has been reinforced by the immigration of millions from the Old World, whereas Methodism has received only a few thousands from this source. It outnumbers the next four largest denominations after the Baptist, taken together. This point of vantage involves also tremendous responsibilities, but trusting in God, aided by His grace, this Church shall not be found neglectful of its tremendous obligations and responsibilities.

England in Egypt.

The greatest work that has been undertaken in Egypt since the erection of the Pyramids is unquestionably the Assouan reservoir, which, after so many years of deliberation, is now in course of construction by the British and Egyptian Governments. From many points of view, indeed, the huge dam which is being thrown across the Nile by latter-day engineers eclipses the monuments of the Pharaohs. The difficulties of the modern undertaking are immeasurably greater than those of its ancient predecessors; and while the Pyramids served no useful purpose, having been prompted, so far as we can see, by nothing more than a love of vainglory, the Assouan reservoir is utilitarian to the last degree. By ensuring a perennial irrigation of Middle and Lower Egypt, it will multiply the fertility of the land of the Pharaohs many times over, and protect its produce from devastating floods. Thus it will render the lot of the tax-burdened fellaheen happier than ever it has been before.

And the glory of having initiated and carried through this beneficent enterprise belongs to England! English statesmen, like Lord Cromer and Sir William Garstin, have suggested it; such eminent engineers as Mr. W. Willcocks and Sir Benjamin Baker have designed it; the firm of Mr. John Aird, M.P., have contracted for it, and an English financial house—Mr. Ernest Cassel, of Old Broad Street—has provided the sinews of war.

The dam will cross the Nile at a point where the First Cataract flows down into a narrow gorge, bounded on both sides by lofty rocks. The water above the dam will thus form a vast lake, whose waters will be stored in the flood season for use in the dry months. The wall is to be constructed of masonry, built on a foundation of solid granite, and pierced by 140 under sluices and 40 upper sluices. The provision of under sluices will, *inter alia*, prevent the deposit of silt in the reservoir. The total length of the dam will be over a mile and a quarter, and its height will be 345 feet above the level of the Nile at low water. It will be 80 feet wide at the base, and 23 feet wide at the top, along which a carriage road will run. The dam will only slope outwards from the surface on its southern or reservoir side, which will have to resist the pressure of millions of tons of water. On its northern

BUILDING THE GREAT NILE DAM.

side it will be perpendicular. The upper sluices will be lined with cast-iron, and they, as well as many of the under sluices, will be worked by means of patent roller gates. They will be freely opened at flood time, so as to admit of a free passage through them of the flood waters of the Nile. The discharge at such seasons will take place at the rate of 14,000 tons of water a second. The reservoir, when filled to its greatest capacity, will hold more than a thousand million tons of water. The flood season, during which the water will be accumulating, lasts from about July to December; it will remain stored thenceforward on to March or April; and will be used for irrigation purposes through the dry season, which lasts from April to July. On the left bank of the river there is to be constructed a canal for navigation purposes, so that the dam will not interfere with traffic. The canal will be about 49 feet wide. Canal communication between the upper and lower reaches of the Nile will here be effected by means of locks, and as there will be a total drop between the two levels at flood time of 69 feet, the drop will have to be graduated by a series of four locks. The lock gates are to be constructed on a similar plan to that at the Nicaraguan canal, being single-leaved and rolling back into recesses at right angles to the direction of the lock.

The advantages of this noble undertaking to the Egyptian State at large, and the agricultural peasantry in particular, can scarcely be exaggerated. It is calculated that the increased value of land in Egypt through the operation of the barrage will amount to no less than £46,000,000. Every acre of land under cultivation will be worth £6 a year more than it is at present, and it will be possible to add some six hundred thousand acres to the five millions already being cultivated. The increase in annual produce will be £12,600,000, and in annual rent £5,390,000. The direct annual return to the Egyptian Treasury will be £850,000 a year, yet the cost of the entire undertaking will be only a couple of millions. In the small Province of Giseh alone, it has been estimated that the area under summer crops will be increased from 5,000 to 60,000 acres; and as the average value of the summer crop is £10 an acre, there would be a net increase of half a million sterling for that little district.

Egypt will also benefit by the employment of native labour on the undertaking itself. In addition to his Italian mechanics, Mr. Aird has engaged nearly two thousand fellaheen, at a wage of a shilling a day. To the native peasant this represents an unprecedentedly large sum. But of greater importance to the Egyptian labourer even than the amount of money earned is the fact—which he will not be slow to appreciate—that he is entrusted, for the first time in the history of Egypt, with the voluntary construction of a vast undertaking destined to confer upon his country untold blessings.—Black and White.

Creed Revision.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in the United States, met in the Fifth Avenue Church, New York, better known as the late Dr. John Hall's. That sprightly, vivacious, writer, speaker, poet, and professor, Dr. Van Dyke, was elected Moderator, and ruled that assembly of grave divines with a vigour and vivacity to which that great assembly was not hitherto accustomed. The chief event of the session was the report of the Committee on the Revision of the Creed. The great church was crowded with spectators. It was apprehended that the conservative old guard would protest to the death against laying hands upon that sacred ark of the covenant, the old Calvinistic creed, but "mirabile dictu," the revision was passed with almost perfect unanimity, there being only one dissentient vote. A correspondent in The Western Advocate says :

"It was a great victory! The prayer of thanksgiving voiced by Dr. Herrick Johnson came from full hearts. In less than three hours this great business had been transacted. It is easy to criticise the action as insufficient ; it is natural to remember that it is the standard of blue that has been moved, and not our own, which has remained in fixed position for more than a century and a half. It is proper to note that upon the overtures the Presbyteries have still to act, and that, therefore, the movement is yet incomplete. Nevertheless it is a great triumph ; the inauguration of a new era in the work of one of the greatest bodies of the world's Christianity ; a triumph all the greater because more significant than the in-

tellectual processes by which this end has been attained in the warm-hearted purpose of consecration which has spiritualized the effort and will sanctify the success."

The organ of the strongly conservative Southern Presbyterian Church, however, strongly protests against the adoption.

"Either an Arminian or a Lutheran could accept this statement, for it simply states the doctrine of common grace. And nowhere else is the doctrine of efficacious grace adequately stated. So, in like manner, the doctrines of perseverance and assurance are obscured."

It is the atmosphere of Christian love and sympathy that is breathed into the old Calvinistic creed, and the odious doctrines of infant damnation and reprobation are evaded, if not removed.

"Religious Indifferentism."

At the late Ecumenical Conference the Rev. Professor Shaw, of Wesleyan Theological College, Montreal, read a very thoughtful and suggestive paper on this important subject. He presented some impressive statistics: "'There are millions of people,' he said, 'not the least intelligent and useful citizens in all cases, who never enter a church door. The professors in colleges, physicians, teachers, scientists, reviewers, authors, are seldom professing Christians, or even church-goers.' Goldwin Smith has predicted that 'a collapse of religious belief of the most complete and tremendous kind is apparently now at hand.' Said Moody, 'The gulf between the Church and the masses is growing deeper, wider, and darker every hour.' These alarming statements seem to be confirmed by statistics collated by Drs. Strong and Gladden. For example, in certain parts of the State of New York only twenty-three per cent. of all the people ever attend church, and they are mostly women. In Maine seventy towns are without any religious service whatever. The Governor of New Hampshire three years ago called upon the people to humble themselves before God, and to return to the neglected sanctuaries which were abandoned by scores throughout the State. Archdeacon Farrar is quoted as saying that not three per cent. of the working classes in Great Britain, who represent the great mass of the people, are regular, or even occasional, communicants. The Home Missionary Committee of the United Free Church of Scotland has just reported—July, 1901—that 462,000 people in Glasgow, out of a population of 750,000, never attend any church. Without further array of figures, the painful fact must be recognized that an immense and growing number of people never darken a church door. Is it strange that society is widely demoralized, political and municipal life is corrupted, the rum power is becoming more and more intrenched behind the battlements of wealth, and political influence and religious life are paralyzed?"

But his closing words were most hopeful: "No amount of infidelity can annihilate the Son of God. The earth is not to be a great moral cemetery for Christianity. It could not hold in its death grasp our mighty Lord himself, neither is it to be the burial place of His truth. It contains the graves of many religious systems and of their founders, but never shall it witness again the interment of the 'Prince of Life,' 'who must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet,' including the indifferentism by which the religious life of our age is to some extent blighted. To hasten this universal victory of the world's Saviour is the object of our assembly. If this great ecumenical gathering is only a demonstration of sectarian pride, it is a failure, and worse. If we assembled our vast constituency of 30,000,000 members and adherents from all continents and isles of the sea, and took some weeks or months in a continuous procession of them through the streets of London, it would certainly amaze the world, but it would do nothing to help on the kingdom of Christ. This gathering is not a parade. If it is anything worthy of our name and cause, it is rather a council of war, in which we consider the forms of opposition confronting us, the forces available for the conflict, and the wisest and most effective methods of conducting the campaign and delivering the Church from the paralysis of religious indifferentism by which in many quarters it is enfeebled."

A reckless newspaper writer recently stated that three-fourths of the towns of Kansas virtually licensed the whiskey traffic, that prohibition in that State is, therefore, an utter failure. Mr. T. E. Stephens sent letters to the city clerks and treasurers of two hundred of the largest cities in the State, asking for the cold facts, with this result. One hundred and ninety-two answers were received. Out of these 192 cities, in 92 there were no saloons, and but little occasional boot-legging, that is, peddling drink in small bottles concealed in the boot. Fifty-two cities neither openly nor clandestinely licensed saloons, but saloons were run surreptitiously, and in continual fear of arrest. In 23 cities saloons were clandestinely licensed, in 25 they were openly licensed. That is, 13 per cent. of these cities were in revolt against the law, instead of 75 per cent., as recklessly asserted.

We may expect that every effort will be made to discount, disparage, and deny the success of prohibition. To-day's despatches have a long yarn about smuggling liquor from Canada by means of hollow "skee sticks!"

The Epworth League of the M. E. Church, following the example of our Canadian League, is planning an aggressive missionary campaign. It has already disposed of 58,000 volumes on missions, aggregating 60,000 tons, and over 3,000 classes of young people are using the books and helps. A prominent feature at the Theological Conference, at our own Victoria University, was the great table of missionary literature.

The missionary authorities of thirty different Churches are planning a comprehensive scheme of mission studies. A text-book of their history is already issued at thirty cents. Few things are more needed than an intelligent comprehension of the needs of missions and their blessed results.

The Woman's Home Missionary Board met in New York. Its income for the year was $234,246. An afternoon and evening were given to deaconess work, the growth of which is almost phenomenal. It is impossible to keep pace with the demand for parish and nurse deaconesses. From Alaska to Porto Rico this society has its consecrated agents. It appropriated over $300,000 for the coming year.

The Wesleyan Methodist Church, of Great Britain, reports a large increase of membership for the year. Evidently in the parent church the flame of evangelism has not died out, or the old Methodist power failed. The London Methodist Recorder says: The census of membership this year yields a very satisfactory result. The net increase of fully accredited members in society is 8,136. Last year the increase amounted to 2,481 only. The present is the largest increase for nineteen years—in fact, the largest since we undertook the duty of publishing the statistics of membership in detail. Though a smaller number of members is reported "on trial" than was reported last year, it is still several thousands higher than for any other year in the near past. The number of candidates for the ministry is one more than even the large number of last year, viz., 156.

The superintendent of Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London, is the Rev. Charles Wenyon, M.D., who is, perhaps, the best travelled man in Methodism. He has been a medical missionary in Australia and in China, where he established a mission hospital. At the request of the Chinese Government he served as surgeon to the armies fighting the French on the frontiers of Tonquin. He afterwards visited Mongolia, Corea, and returned to England overland through Siberia. His record of this journey is one of the most illuminative on the country traversed that we have ever read. He returned to China through Asiatic Turkey. He was imprisoned by the Turks, but travelled through Persia, India and Burma, and has returned from the very outpost of Methodism to its very heart and centre, the scene of the late Ecumenical Conference.

The union of the different Methodist bodies in Japan, says The Missionary Outlook, is one of the most interesting questions at the present time. At the Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church the matter received very careful consideration, and after full discussion the basis proposed by the joint committee was adopted unanimously, the name "United Methodist Church" being suggested by the brethren as indicating their preference.

Book Notices.

" The House with the Green Shutters.' By George Douglas. Toronto : The Copp, Clark Company. Pp. 329. Price, $1.50.

Ian Maclaren and James L. Barrie have given us delightful pictures of Scottish village life, which make Drumtochty and Thrums almost as real as our own town or village. But we are haunted with the feeling that they have somewhat idealized the genial Scot—not a bad thing to do if it inspire nobler conceptions of the possibilities of human nature. The author of " The House With the Green Shutters " cannot be accused of idealizing Scottish character. He describes it not at its best, but, we think, at its worst—in all its grim, dour realism.

The book is one of the most tremendous indictments of the liquor traffic we have ever read. Its pictures of the wrong and wretchedness and ruin caused by drink are tragical. And not the drink vice alone, but the cold, hard, sordid, money-grubbing trade rivalries, jealousies, and hatreds in a country town are vividly presented. But these presentations, we are sure, are far from being a correct portraiture of normal Scottish character. It is the abnormal, the exceptional, that is portrayed with a grim, stern strength.

John Gourlay, finding his business slipping away to a hated rival, and foreseeing that his dream of transmitting it to his graceless son must be disappointed, sends the boy to college to become a " meenister," for he was fit for nothing else. " They have plenty of money, and little to do—a grand, easy life o't. MacCandlish tells me you're a stupid ass, but have some little gift of words. You have every qualification !"

The unhappy lad, an enervated degenerate, goes to Edinburgh sorely against his will, plunges into dissipation, is expelled from college, and comes home to encounter acrid and savage sarcasm, which drives him all the more to drink. He is soaked in liquor " like a rag steeped in fusel oil." The account of his drunken delirium is blood-curdling. The savage treatment of the erring boy outrages the very name of fatherhood. It is false, not only to Scottish character, but to humanity, and makes a travesty of the sacred words, " As a father pitieth his children." In a fit of frenzy the misguided boy becomes a parricide, then rushes into the presence of his Maker, to be followed in like tragic manner by his mother and sister. Horror upon horror accumulates, like the dooms that were heaped upon the fated House of Atreus. There is scarce a relieving feature in the book save the futile love of the weak mother for her misguided boy, " my ain wee laddie," as she calls him at his worst. The book is like the prophet's scroll, written within and without with lamentation and weeping and woe. Its strength of delineation is tremendous, it haunts one like an evil dream.

" How Canada is Governed." A short account of its Executive, Legislative, Judicial, and Municipal Institutions, with an historical outline of their origin and development. By Sir J. G. Bourinot, K.C.M.G., LL.D., D.C.L.,' Clerk of the Canadian House of Commons. Author of " A Manual of Constitutional History," " Parliamentary Practice and Procedure in Canada," and other works on the Government and Constitution of the Dominion. Toronto : The Copp, Clark Company. Pp. xiv-344. Price, $1.

Sir John Bourinot has laid his native country under great obligation by his many books treating its history and political constitution. It must to him be very gratifying to find his services so highly appreciated. We are glad to see that this work has reached its fifth edition, and has been revised to date. It treats in a lucid and luminous manner the growth of the constitution, the relation to Canada of the Imperial Government, the evolution of the Dominion Government, and of the provincial, municipal, and school governments of the Provinces, also that of the Northwest Territory. An instructive chapter is added on the duties and responsibilities of Canadian citizens, which should be impressed upon the heart and conscience of every loyal Canadian. Among the supreme advantages of our constitution, as compared with the United States, is its

non-political and permanent civil service; "the appointment of all judges and public officials by the Crown, on the advice of ministers responsible to Parliament for every such executive act—in contradistinction to the elective system of the States of the Federal Republic, where even judges are, in most cases, elected by the people"; and the independence of the judiciary of all party and political questions. Closing his admirable work, Sir John Bourinot quotes the stirring words of Miss Machar:

"As yet the waxen mould is soft, the opening page is fair;
It's left for those who rule us now to leave their impress there—
The stamp of true nobility, high honour, stainless truth;
The earnest quest of noble ends; the generous heart of youth;
The love of country, soaring far above dull party strife;
The love of learning, art, and song—the crowning grace of life;
The love of science, soaring far through nature's hidden ways;
The love and fear of nature's God—a nation's highest praise."

"East of the Barrier; or, Side-Lights on the Manchuria Mission." By the Rev. J. Miller Graham. Missionary of the United Free Church of Scotland, Moukden, Manchuria. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 237. Price, $1.25.

The contributions of missionaries to geographical and ethnographical science are neither few nor small. They have been in many cases pioneers in both these important departments. They penetrate to the forbidden lands and waste places of the earth in their high resolve to extend the kingdom of God among the unevangelized peoples. Of these the two missionary books are striking illustrations. One gives us a graphic and recent account of the vast Chinese province of Manchuria, which Russia sought to annex, but which, thanks to the British and Japanese treaty, she will probably have to restore to its rightful owners. It gives a familiar account of mission life and work among the Manchurians, a sketch of the Boxer crisis and the fiery trial through which the mission had to pass, a glorious martyrdom of so many members of the native Church. The time is one of storm and stress for mission work in that land. The book is an illuminative one on the present crisis in that land.

"Savage Life in New Guinea." The Papuan in Many Moods. By Chas. W. Abel (of Kwato, New Guinea). With seventy illustrations. London: London Missionary Society. Trade Agents: Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 221. Price, 90c.

New Guinea is one of the least known regions of the world, the land of the "head hunters," and of persistent cannibals, who even within a year have wreaked their cruel revenge on one of the noblest missionaries that ever lived, James Chalmers. This book will be of special interest to mission students from the wealth of its illustrations, having seventy excellent half-tones, and from the fulness of its information, and its graphic and interesting style. Civilization is coming even to the Papuans, for here we have a picture of the natives playing the good old English game of cricket, with their leg-guards, and all the rest of it. The specimens of native carpentry would do credit to a Macdonald manual school in Canada.

"The Riddle of Life." By J. Wesley Johnston. Author of "Dwellers in Gotham," etc. Cincinnati: Jennings & Pye. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 399. Price, $1.50.

We had the pleasure of reading this book in a thousand manuscript pages. We were profoundly impressed with its originality, its clever phrasing, its broad and general interest. It is a book for the times, it discusses current conditions of society. We have the tricks of the stock market, the frauds of mine gamblers, the transcendental prophetess, a sort of American Madame Blavatsky, and a score more up-to-date characters are all vividly described. The book abounds in incident and epigram. Its interest ranges from the financial circles of Gotham and country life on the Hudson to a mining camp in the Far West. Mine wreckers are circumvented, and virtue receives its due reward. It will capture the reader in its first pages and hold his attention to the last.

"The Story of a Young Man." (A Life of Christ.) By Clifford Howard. With eighteen full-page plates, by W. L. Taylor and T. G. Moore. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Square quarto. Gilt top. Pp. 248. Price, $2.50.

More and more is the world coming to study the matchless life of our Lord, the Son of man, who was also the Son of God. This book sets forth especially the human side of the life of Jesus. With the chastened use of the imagination the outlines of Scripture are filled in, the purpose being to render more vivid the Oriental setting of the narrative; not that the divinity of our Lord is overlooked or obscured, but it is as a man among men, and especially as a pattern and example to young men, the story is retold. It finds its culminating point in the death of Jesus, nothing being said about his resurrection. This, we think, is a mistake. His life is a failure, a broken torso, without the crowning fact of his triumph over death and hell. The book is elegantly printed and illustrated as an edition de luxe, and is contained in a handsome case.

"James Chalmers, of New Guinea. Missionary Pioneer Martyr." By Cuthbert Lennox. London: Andrew Melrose. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. xv-208. Price, 70c. net.

Chalmers was one of the great missionary heroes of the world. He takes rank with Moffat and Livingstone, with Paton and Geddie, with Mackay of Uganda and Mackay of Formosa. His work lay in one of the most interesting regions of the South Seas and New Guinea. He was a pathfinder of empire, and did much to prevent New Guinea from slipping from the possession of Great Britain into that of her enemies. He won the love of Robert Louis Stevenson, with whom he travelled much. Some of Stevenson's striking letters are reproduced in this biography. Chalmers' fate a little over a year ago—killed and eaten by cannibals—gives a tragic pathos to this book.

"The Angel and the Book." An annotated text-book of the Inspiration, Spirit Ministration, and Angel Visitation of the Bible, together with a concordance of over twelve hundred passages of the Scripture bearing on the subject. By Herbert G. Paull. Author of "The Letter and the Book," etc. Toronto: The Austin Publishing Co. Pp. 412. Price, paper, 60 cents.

This book is a careful comparison of the passages in Holy Scripture on the subject of the immortality of the soul, of ministering spirits and visitation of angels, and inculcates the doctrines of the permanent communication between the physical world and the world of spirits. While there is much helpful comment on the Scriptures, we cannot say that this thesis has been maintained with complete success.

"The Diary of a Goose Girl." By Kate Douglas Wiggin. With illustrations by Claude A. Shepperson. Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co. Pp. 117. Price, $1.

The inimitable author of Penelope's Journeys gives us here one of her deft thumbnail sketches of life in an English village. She adopts the humble role of goose girl, poultry maid, shepherdess, and tender of hares and rabbits. In this lowly life she finds amusing situations and diversion. The many sketches by Claude A. Shepperson catch the bucolic spirit of an English farm.

LITERARY NOTE.

The Methodist Publishing House, Cincinnati, issues a number of small, well-printed books under the name of "The Hero Series," at the low price of twenty-five cents each, postage five cents. Three of these are by Dr. William A. Quayle, one of the most brilliant writers of American Methodism. His lecture on "King Cromwell," we heard Dr. Quayle deliver at Lake Tahoe, in Nevada, and were so impressed with its merit that we procured its first publication in this magazine. Dr. Quayle writes also on Hugo's hero, "Valjean," and of "The Gentleman in Literature," which abounds in brilliant criticism and in keen literary discernment. Washington, "The Typical American," and Gladstone, "A Nineteenth Century Crusader," are ably treated by Charles Edward Locke, and "Abraham Lincoln," the greatest of Americans, by Samuel G. Smith. These are small books on great subjects.

WHILE THE EARTH
REMAINETH,
SEED TIME AND HARVEST...
SHALL NOT CEASE
Genesis. VIII. 22
J.H. Kinsley

THE ROYAL MUMMIES IN THE MUSEUM AT GIZEH.